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A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

PHOTOGRAPHY is treated so generally as an art in which a machine does all the work, that it is difficult to believe that some of the greatest portraits of our time have been produced by this medium. It is true, however, that the ideal requirement of a portrait—to give a glimpse of a man's soul—has never been more nearly satisfied than by a few photographs made several years ago in England by Mrs. Julia Cameron, and by a large number made in the last few years in New York by Mr. G. C. Cox. Of Mrs. Cameron's work this magazine has already given its readers some specimens.* The present article is devoted to that of Mr. Cox.

So quietly has Mr. Cox's work been done that, except to a limited public particularly interested in purely artistic results, it is unfamiliar. He has never sought general recognition. Conscious that what he was striving to attain would be understood by only a few men, he has worked for them

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WALT WHITMAN. G. C. Cox, Photographer.

alone, seeking their criticisms and suggestions and observing closely the effect on them of what he had done.

To appreciate his method of work, one should have a sitting in his studio. The experience is altogether unusual. One does nothing as in the conventional studio. He is not posed. He is not bidden to look at the "upper right-hand corner" of anything. He is not asked to smile. He is not made to keep quiet while a watch ticks out an interminable minute. As for the camera, it seems hardly to come into the operation. Probably many persons have had a series of portraits taken by Mr. Cox who afterwards were unable to tell without an effort where the camera stood and how it was operated. All this is natural enough if one understands what the artist is trying to do. His treatment of a sitter is founded on his theory that all men purposely or unwittingly wear a mask, and that unless this mask can be torn away and the emotions allowed to chase freely across the face, no characteristic picture is possible. His first effort then is to get rid of the non-committal mask; to make the subject forget himself, the camera, his mission at the studio.

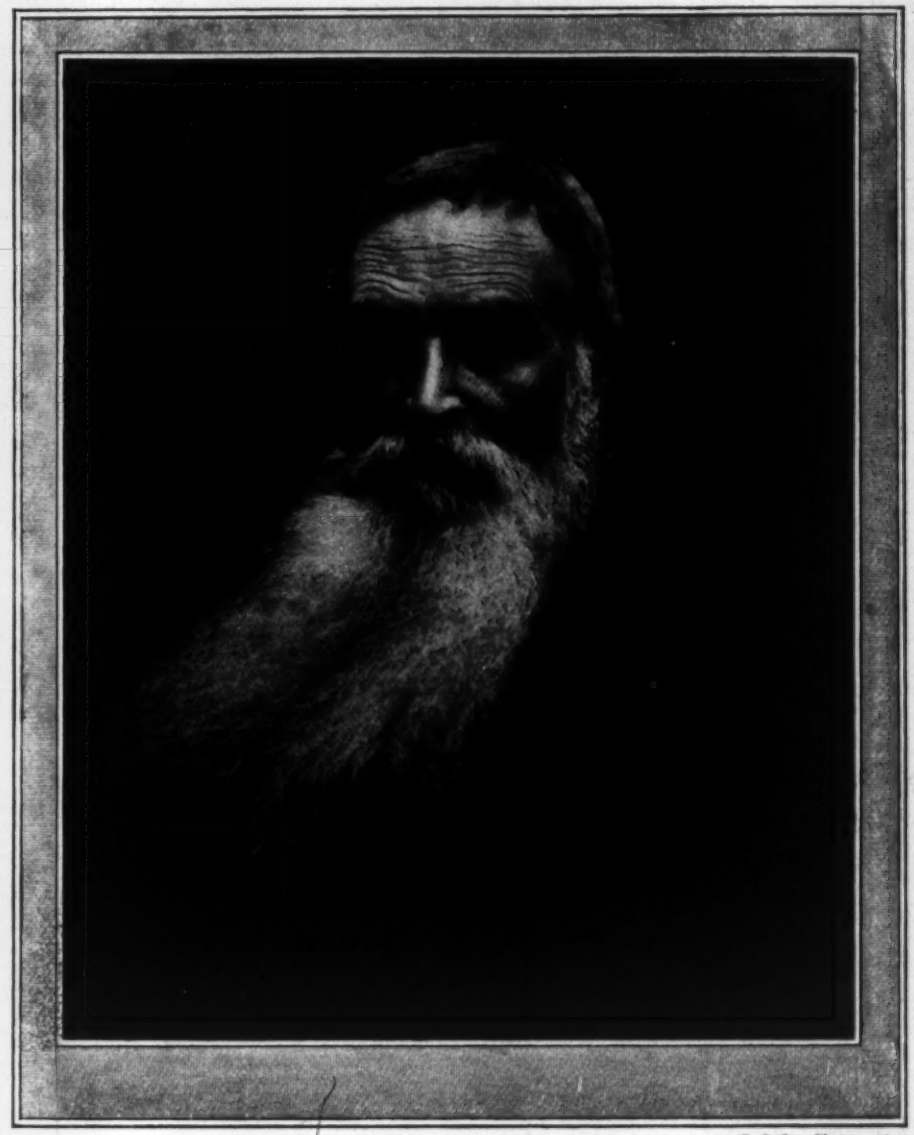
An ordinary man could not do this, but

G. C. Cox, Photographer.

ELEANORA DUSE.

Mr. Cox is no ordinary man. He is original, sincere, witty, and in profound earnest over his work. The subject who comes to him prepared to pose is surprised to be greeted with what seems to be quite irrelevant, though decidedly brilliant, talk. Mr. Cox has known many of the most interesting people of the last twenty years, and has a great fund of unusual anecdotes about them. When he begins to tell stories of Whitman and Beecher, of William Hunt and Richardson, of Amélie Rives and Duse, it is only an unusually dull and preoccupied mood which will prevent one from becoming interested. The quaint and original expressions; the unconventional opinions; the odd personal observations; the contempt for shams, surprise and arouse the subject. Before he is aware he, too, is talking animatedly. Mr. Cox tells with appreciation how Bishop Taylor, the great African missionary, came to him once to be photographed. He was for some time indifferent and dull, not understanding at all what the artist was after, but finally thawed out, and Mr. Cox caught one of his best portraits just as the aged Bishop finished telling with great gusto the story of a young man coming to the ship to see him off on a recent voyage.

"Good-by, dear Bishop," he blubbered; "I shall probably never see you again."



G. C. Cox, Photographer.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

"No," said the Bishop, "you may be dead when I get back."

It is not only the habitual mask of a face which must be conquered. Many people suffer from what is called "camera fear." In front of the machine they become, in spite of themselves, rigid and lifeless. Cox believes that this peculiar feeling is best conquered by taking the subject in his own home or place of work. There he naturally wears a lighter mask and falls more readily into characteristic attitudes. Many of Mr. Cox's happiest results have been obtained by studying his subjects in their own homes. Thus the fine portrait of Richardson was taken in the architect's house. His recent experiences in photographing Mr. Cleveland at the White House and Major McKinley at Canton, have been equally convincing that if one wishes to make a real portrait it is wiser to study the subject where he is most at home.

In taking photographs Mr. Cox aims to make as many as six negatives. A complete series of his pictures runs the gamut of a man's soul from the moment of smiling ease to the one of anguish. Not that he always succeeds in completing the series; he rarely fails, however, to get several characteristic pictures. What could be more characteristic, fuller of sweetness and truth than his portrait of Whitman?

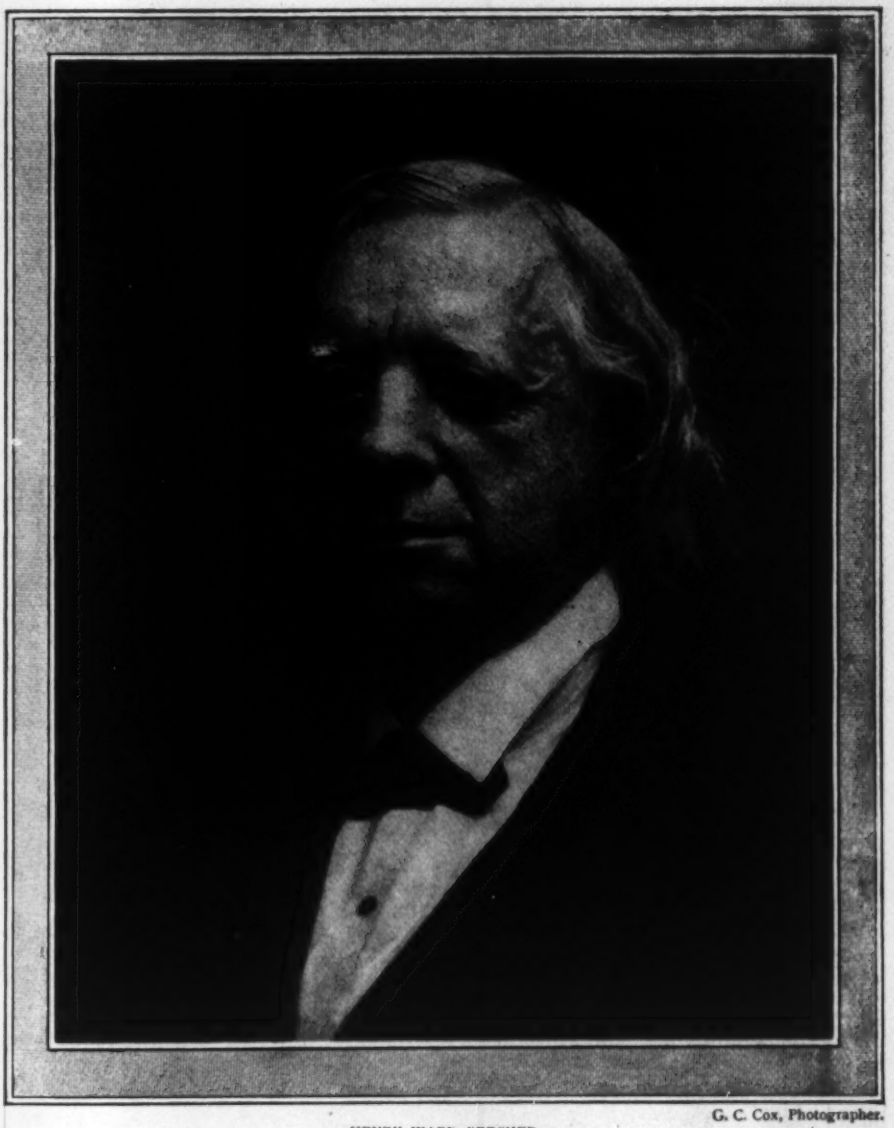
G. C. Cox, Photographer.

WALTER SHIRLAW.

He has given us in it what must remain the typical portrait of Whitman—a portrait which is the foundation of Johnson's great etching, which George Barnard, the sculptor, declares has been his inspiration, and at the sight of which Duse cried out, when it was shown to her, "But it is his soul! *How can one photograph a soul?*"

It is not to be supposed that all of Cox's sitters yield themselves unresistingly to his unusual procedure. Trained to pose to a camera, many are inclined to resent the artist's effort to interest them and make them forget the object of their visit. There are others who insist that, unless a face is lighted in a certain way, the result cannot be satisfactory—slaves of a theory, they fail to see that this is a revolutionist regardless of conventions, whose only aim is to get the fine thing he sees.

Another difficulty with which Mr. Cox struggles is the almost universal notion that a portrait should be something decorative. Many a woman who goes to him makes a really characteristic picture impossible by her elaborate preparations. Nothing could be more fatal to the Cox idea. Chiffons are as inappropriate in one of his portraits as trefoils on a Grecian façade. Where a woman dresses especially for her picture all that Cox can get is, as



G. C. Cox, Photographer.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

he says, "a picture of her consciousness of her clothes."

Where the decorative is entirely eschewed, it follows that the subject must have individuality for the picture to be of value. Cox rejoices in the decided character, and shrinks with dismay from a neutral one; there is nothing for him to get hold of. The people who have sat to him have been a rare lot; in the past twenty years he has photographed Walt Whitman, Richardson, General Sherman, C. A. Dana, Melchers, Howells, Hunt, Beecher, E. E. Hale, Duse, and hosts of others. In most of the cases the portraits he has made will remain the standard ones of their several subjects.

The Cox portrait, however, appeals primarily to the discerning mind and the artist's eye. Ordinarily it clashes too hard with the conventional idea of a photograph. The unusual is to many the unmeaning. It is this fact that comes in frequently to depress and discourage the artist. Often he hesitates to seize with his camera what he sees in a face, because conscious that it will not be understood. He shrinks from putting before subjects something which means a great deal to him but will mean nothing to them. The real reward in his work lies in his ability to produce that which is an inspiration to those who, like himself, are seeking independently to do sincere, truthful work, rich in a value of its own.

The Governor of Saint Kitts

BY

A. Conan Doyle

WHEN the great wars of the Spanish Succession had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Utrecht, the vast number of privateers which had been fitted out by the contending parties found their occupation gone. Some took to the more peaceful but less lucrative ways of ordinary commerce, others were absorbed into the fishing fleets, and a few of the more reckless hoisted the Jolly Rodger at the mizzen and the bloody flag at the main, declaring a private war upon their own account against the whole human race. With mixed crews, recruited from every nation, they scoured the seas, disappearing occasionally to careen in some lonely inlet, or putting in for a debauch at some outlying port, where they dazzled the inhabitants by their lavishness and horrified them by their brutalities.

On the Coromandel Coast, at Madagascar, in the African waters, and above all in the West Indian and American seas, the pirates were a constant menace. With an insolent luxury they would regulate their depredations by the comfort of the seasons, harrying New England in the summer and dropping south again to the tropical islands in the winter. They were the more to be dreaded because they had none of that discipline and restraint which made their predecessors, the Buccaneers, both formidable and respectable. These Ishmaels of the sea rendered an account to no man, and treated their prisoners according to the drunken whim of the moment. Flashes of grotesque generosity alternated with longer stretches of inconceivable ferocity, and the skipper who fell into their hands might find himself dismissed with his cargo, or might sit at his cabin table with his own nose and his lips served up with pepper and salt in front of him. It took a stout seaman in those days to ply his calling in the Caribbean Gulf.

Such a man was Captain John Scarrow, of the ship "Morning Star," and yet he breathed a long sigh of relief when he heard the splash of the falling anchor and swung at his moorings within a hundred yards of the guns of the citadel of Basseterre. St. Kitts was his final port of call, and early next morning his bowsprit would be pointed for Old England. He had had enough of those robber-haunted seas. Ever since he had left Maracaibo upon the Main, with his full lading of sugar and red pepper, he had winced at every topsail which glimmered over the violet edge of the tropical sea. He had coasted up the Windward Islands, touching here and there and assailed continually by stories of villainy and outrage.

Captain Sharkey, of the 20-gun pirate barque "Happy Delivery," had passed down the coast, and had littered it with gutted vessels and with murdered men. Dreadful anecdotes were current of his grim pleasantries and of his inflexible ferocity. From the Bahamas to the Main his coal-black barque, with the ambiguous name, had been freighted with death, and many things which are worse than death.

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So nervous was Captain Scarrow, with his new full-rigged ship and her full and valuable lading, that he struck out to the west as far as Bird's Island to be out of the usual track of commerce. And yet even in those solitary waters he had been unable to shake off sinister traces of Captain Sharkey.

One morning they had passed a single skiff adrift upon the face of the ocean. Its only occupant was a delirious seaman, who yelled hoarsely as they hoisted him aboard, and showed a dried-up tongue like a black and wrinkled fungus at the back of his mouth. Water and nursing soon transformed him into the strongest and smartest sailor on the ship. He was from Marblehead, in New England, it seems, and was the sole survivor of a schooner which had been scuttled by the dreadful Sharkey.

For a week Hiram Evanson, for that was his name, had been adrift beneath a tropical sun. Sharkey had ordered the mangled remains of his late captain to be thrown into the boat, "as provisions for the voyage," but the seaman had at once committed it to the deep, lest the temptation should be more than he could bear. He had lived upon his own huge frame until at the last moment the "Morning Star" had found him in that madness which is the precursor of such a death. It was no bad find for Captain Scarrow, for, with a shorthanded crew, such a seaman as this big New Englander was a prize worth having. He vowed that he was the only man whom Captain Sharkey had ever placed under an obligation.

Now that they lay under the guns of Basseterre, all danger from the pirate was at an end, and yet the thought of him lay heavily upon the seaman's mind as he watched the agent's boat shooting out from the custom-house quay.

"I'll lay you a wager, Morgan," said he to the first mate, "that the agent will speak of Sharkey in the first hundred words that pass his lips."

"Well, Captain, I'll have you a silver dollar, and chance it," said the rough old Bristol man beside him.

The negro rowers shot the boat alongside, and the linen-clad steersman sprang up the ladder.

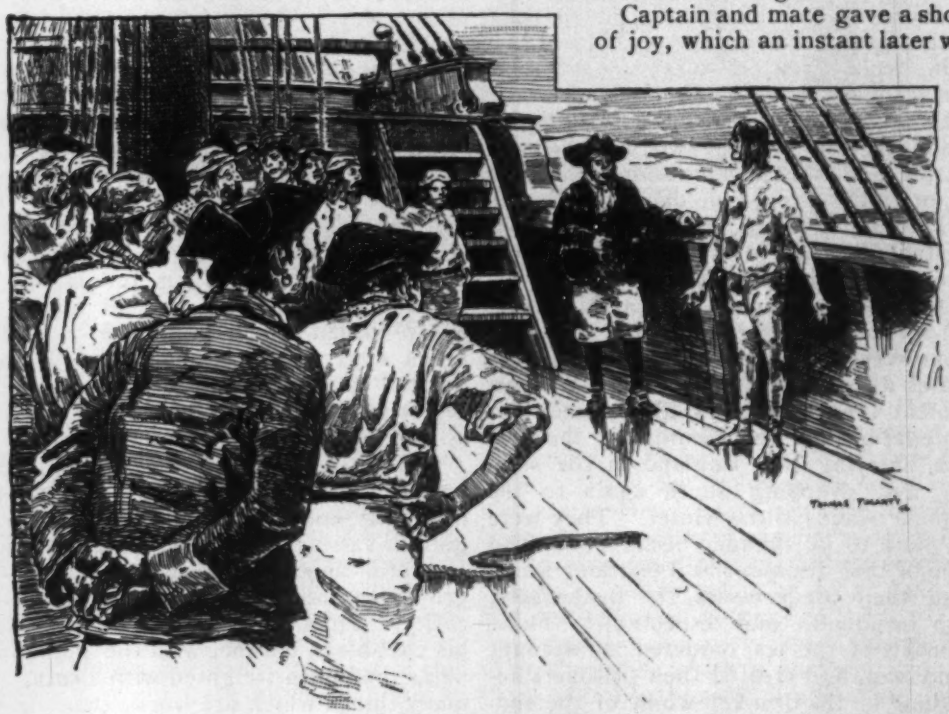
"Welcome, Captain Scarrow," he cried. "Have you heard about Sharkey?"

The captain grinned at the mate.

"What devilry has he been up to now?" he asked.

"Devilry! You've not heard, then! Why, we've got him safe under lock and key here at Basseterre. He was tried last Wednesday, and he is to be hanged tomorrow morning."

Captain and mate gave a shout of joy, which an instant later was



RECEPTION OF HIRAM EVANSON ABOARD THE "MORNING STAR."

taken up by the crew. Discipline was forgotten as they scrambled up through the break of the poop to hear the news. The New Englander was in the front of them with a radiant face turned up to heaven, for he came of the Puritan stock.

"Sharkey to be hanged!" he cried. "You don't know, Master Agent, if they lack a hangman, do you?"

"Stand back!" cried the mate, whose outraged sense of discipline was even stronger than his interest at the news. "I'll pay that dollar, Captain Scarrow, with the lightest heart that ever I paid a wager yet. How came the villain to be taken?"

"Why, as to that, he became more than his own comrades could abide, and they took such a horror of him that they would not have him on the ship. So they marooned him upon the Little Mangles to the south of the Mysteriosa bank, and there he was found by a Portobello trader, who brought him in. There was talk of sending him to Jamaica to be tried, but our good little Governor, Sir Charles Ewan, would not hear of it. 'He's my meat,' said he, 'and I claim the cooking of it.' If you can stay till to-morrow morning at ten, you'll see the joint swinging."

"I wish I could," said the captain wistfully, "but I am sadly behind time now. I should start with the evening tide."

"That you can't do," said the agent with decision. "The Governor is going back with you."

"The Governor!"

"Yes. He's had a despatch from Government to return without delay. The flyboat that brought it has gone on to Virginia. So Sir Charles has been waiting for you, as I told him you were due before the rains."

"Well, well!" cried the captain, in some perplexity; "I'm a plain seaman, and I don't know much of governors and baronets and their ways. I don't remember that I ever so much as spoke to one. But if it's in King George's service, and he asks a cast in the 'Morning Star' as far as London, I'll do what I can for him. There's my own cabin he can have and welcome. As to the cooking, it's lobscouse and salmagundi six days in the week; but he can bring his own cook aboard with him if he thinks our galley too rough for his taste."

"You need not trouble your mind, Captain Scarrow," said the agent. "Sir Charles is in weak health just now, only clear of a quartan ague, and it is likely that he will keep his cabin most of the voyage. Dr. Larousse said that he would have sunk had the hanging of Sharkey not put fresh life into him. He has a great spirit in him though, and you must not blame him if he is somewhat short in his speech."

"He may say what he likes and do what he likes so long as he does not come athwart my hawse when I am working the ship," said the captain. "He is Governor of St. Kitts, but I am governor of the 'Morning Star.' And by his leave I must weigh with the first tide, for I owe a duty to my employer, just as he does to King George."

"He can scarce be ready to-night, for he has many things to set in order before he leaves."

"The early morning tide, then."

"Very good. I shall send his things aboard to-night, and he will follow them to-morrow early if I can prevail upon him to leave St. Kitts without seeing Sharkey do the rogue's hornpipe. His own orders were instant, so it may be that he will come at once. It is likely that Dr. Larousse may attend him upon the journey."

Left to themselves the captain and mate made the best preparations which they could for their illustrious passenger. The largest cabin was turned out and adorned in his honor, and orders were given by which barrels of fruit and some cases of wine should be brought off to vary the plain food of an ocean-going trader. In the evening the Governor's baggage began to arrive, great iron-bound ant-proof trunks, and official tin packing cases, with other strange-shaped packages, which suggested the cocked hat or the sword within. And then there came a note, with a heraldic device upon the big red seal, to say that Sir Charles Ewan made his compliments to Captain Scarrow, and that he hoped to be with him in the morning as early as his duties and his infirmities would permit.

He was as good as his word, for the first gray of dawn had hardly begun to deepen into pink when he was brought alongside, and climbed with some difficulty up the ladder. The captain had heard that the Governor was an eccentric, but he was hardly prepared for the curious figure who came limping feebly down his quarter-deck, his steps supported by a thick bamboo cane. He wore a Ramillies wig, all twisted into little tails like a poodle's coat, and cut so low across the brow that the large green glasses which covered his eyes looked as if they were hung from it. A

fierce beak of a nose, very long and very thin, cut the air in front of him. His ague had caused him to swathe his throat and chin with a broad linen cravat, and he wore a loose damask powdering gown secured by a cord round the waist. As he advanced he carried his masterful nose high in the air, but his head turned slowly from side to side in the helpless manner of the purblind, and he called in a high, querulous voice for the captain.

"You have my things?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Have you wine aboard?"

"I have ordered five cases, sir."

"And tobacco?"

"There is a keg of Trinidado."

"You play a hand at piquet?"

"Passably well, sir."

"Then up anchor, and to sea!"

There was a fresh westerly wind, so by the time the sun was fairly through the morning haze, the ship was hull down from the islands. The decrepit Governor still limped the deck, with one guiding hand upon the quarter rail.

"You are on Government service now, captain," said he. "They are counting the days till I come to Westminster, I promise you. Have you all that she will carry?"

"Every inch, Sir Charles."

"Keep her so if you blow the sails out of her. I fear, Captain Scarrow, that you will find a blind and broken man a poor companion for your voyage."

"I am honored in enjoying your excellency's society," said the captain. "But I am sorry that your eyes should be so afflicted."

"Yes, indeed. It is the cursed glare of the sun on the white streets of Basseterre, which has gone far to burn them out."

"I had heard also that you had been plagued by a quartan ague."

"Yes; I have had a pyrexy, which has reduced me much."

"We had set aside a cabin for your surgeon."

"Ah, the rascal! There was no budging him, for he has a snug business amongst the merchants. But hark!"

He raised his ring-covered hand in the air. From far astern there came the low, deep thunder of cannon.

"It is from the island!" cried the captain in astonishment; "can it be a signal for us to put back?"

The Governor laughed.

"You have heard that Sharkey, the pirate, is to be hanged this morning. I ordered batteries to salute when the rascal was kicking his last, so that I might know of it out at sea. There's an end of Sharkey!"

"There's an end of Sharkey!" cried the captain, and the crew took up the cry as they gathered in little knots upon the deck and stared back at the low purple line of the vanishing land.

It was a cheering omen for their start across the Western Ocean, and the invalid Governor found himself a popular man on board, for it was generally understood that, but for his insistence upon an immediate trial and sentence, the villain might have played upon some more venal judge and so escaped. At dinner that day Sir Charles gave many anecdotes of the deceased pirate, and so affable was he, and so skilful in adapting his conversation to men of lower degree, that captain, mate, and governor smoked their long pipes and drank their claret as three good comrades should.

"And what figure did Sharkey cut in the dock?" asked the captain.

"He is a man of some presence," said the Governor.

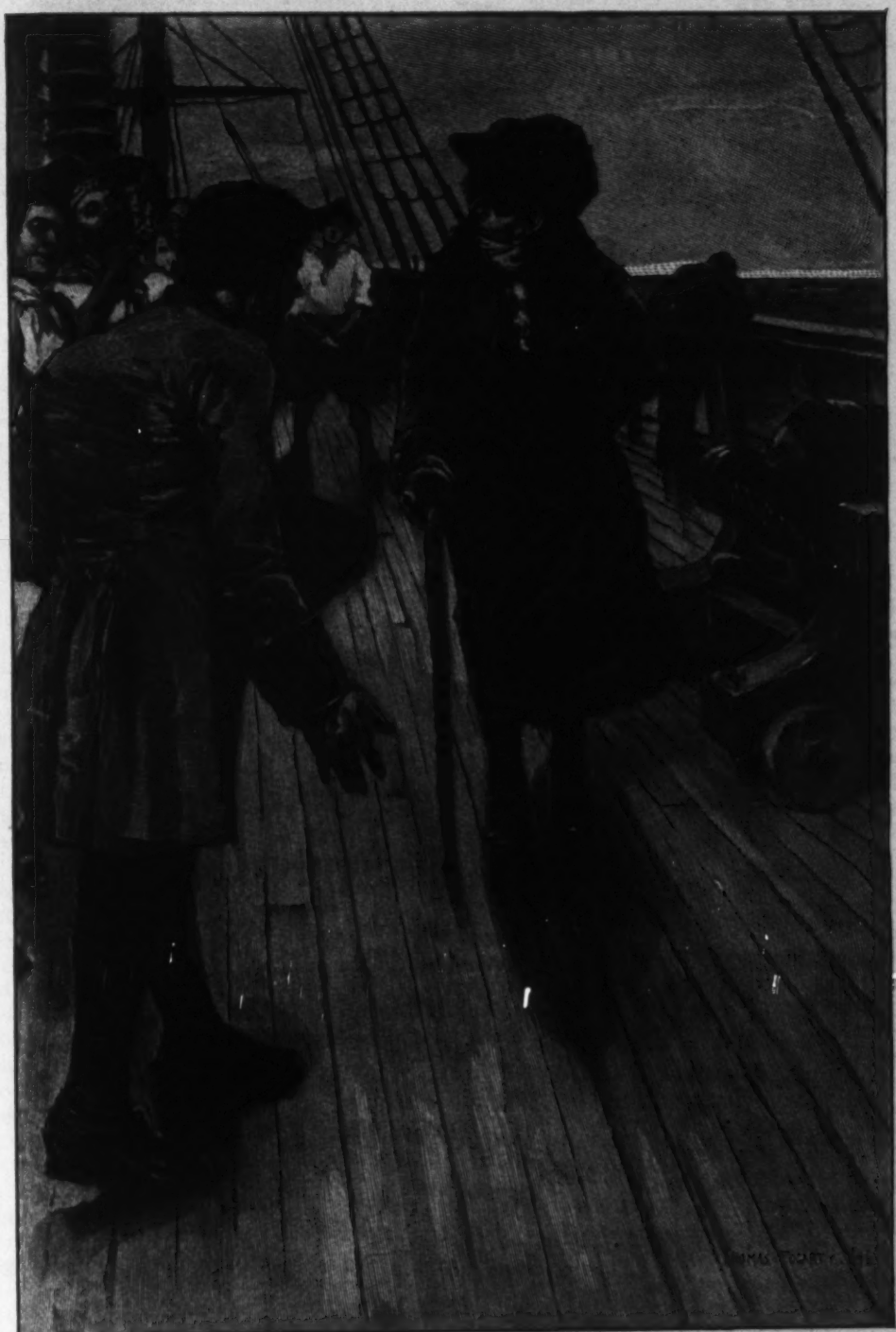
"I had always understood that he was an ugly, sneering devil," remarked the mate.

"Well, I daresay he could look ugly upon occasions," said the Governor.

"I have heard a New Bedford whaleman say that he could not forget his eyes," said Captain Scarrow. "They were of the lightest filmy blue, with red-rimmed lids. Was that not so, Sir Charles?"

"Alas, my own eyes will not permit me to know much of those of others! But I remember now that the Adjutant-General said that he had such an eye as you describe, and added that the jury were so foolish as to be visibly discomposed when it was turned upon them. It is well for them that he is dead, for he was a man who would never forget an injury, and if he had laid hands upon any one of them he would have stuffed him with straw and hung him for a figure-head."

The idea seemed to amuse the Governor, for he broke suddenly into a high, neighing laugh, and the two seamen laughed also, but not so heartily, for they remembered that Sharkey was not the last pirate who sailed the western seas, and that as grotesque a fate might come to be their own. Another bottle was broached to drink to a pleasant voyage, and the Governor would drink just one other on the top of it, so that the seamen were glad at last to stagger off —the one to his watch and the other to



"THE CAPTAIN WAS HARDLY PREPARED FOR THE CURIOUS FIGURE WHO CAME LIMPING DOWN HIS QUARTER-DECK."

"HE CRACKED IT ONCE OVER THE HEAD OF THE CARPENTER."

his bunk. But when after his four hours' spell the mate came down again, he was amazed to see the Governor in his Ramillies wig, his glasses, and his powdering gown still seated sedately at the lonely table with his reeking pipe and six black bottles in front of him. "I have seen the Governor of St. Kitts when he was sick," said he, "and God forbid that I should ever try to keep pace with him when he is well."

The voyage of the "Morning Star" was a successful one, and in about three weeks she was at the mouth of the British Channel. From the first day the infirm Governor had begun to recover his strength, and before they were half-way across the Atlantic he was, save only for his eyes, as well as any man upon the ship. Those who uphold the nourishing qualities of wine might point to him in triumph, for never a night passed that he did not repeat the performance of his first one. And yet he would be out upon deck in the early morning as fresh and brisk as the best of them, peering about with his weak eyes, and asking questions about the sails and the rigging, for he was anxious to learn the ways of the sea. And he made up for the deficiency of his eyes by obtaining leave from the captain that the New England seaman—he who had been cast away in the boat—should lead him about, and above all that he should sit beside him when he played cards and count the number of the pips, for unaided he could not tell the king from the knave. It was natural that this Evanson should do the Governor willing service, since the one was the victim of the vile Sharkey and the other was his avenger. One could see that it was a pleasure to the big American to lend his arm to the invalid, and at night he would stand with all respect behind his chair in the cabin and lay his great stubnailed forefinger upon the card that he should play. Between them there was little in the pockets either of Captain Scarrow or of Morgan, the first mate, by the time they sighted the Lizard.

And it was not long before they found that all they had heard of the high temper of Sir Charles Ewan fell short of the mark. At a sign of opposition or a word of argument his chin would shoot out from his cravat, his masterful nose would be cocked at a higher and more insolent angle, and his bamboo cane would whistle up over his shoulder. He cracked it once over the head of the carpenter when the man had accidentally jostled him upon the deck. Once, too, when there was some grumbling and talk of a mutiny over the state of the provisions, he was of opinion that they should not wait for the dogs to rise, but that they should march forward and set upon them until they had trounced the devilment out of them. "Give me a knife and a bucket," he cried with an oath, and could hardly be withheld from setting forth alone to deal with the spokesman of the seamen. Captain Scarrow had to remind him that, though he might be only answerable to himself at St. Kitts, killing became murder upon the high seas. In politics he was, as became his official position, a stout prop of the house of Hanover, and he swore in his cups that he had never met a Jacobite without pistoling him where he stood. Yet for all his vaporing and his violence he was so good a companion, with such a stream of strange anecdote and reminiscence, that Scarrow and Morgan had never known a voyage pass so pleasantly.

And then finally came the last day, when, after passing the Island, they had struck land again at the high white cliffs at Beachy Head. As evening fell the ship lay rolling in an oily calm, a league out from Winchelsea, with the long dark snout of

Dungeness jutting out in front of her. Next morning they would pick up their pilot at the Foreland, and Sir Charles might meet the king's ministers at Westminster before the evening. The boatswain had the watch, and the three friends were met for a last turn of cards in the cabin, the faithful American still serving as eyes to the Governor. There was a good stake upon the table, for the sailors had tried on this last night to win their losses back from their passenger. Suddenly he threw his cards down, and swept all the money into the pocket of his long-flapped silken waistcoat.

"The game's mine!" said he.

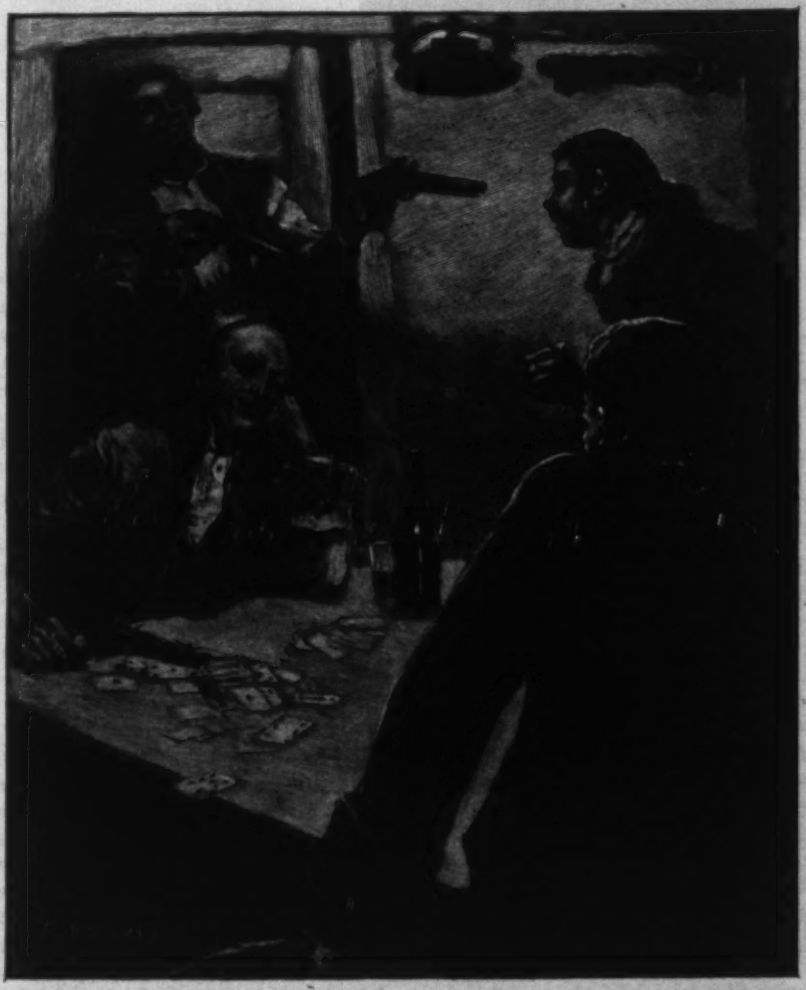
"Heh, Sir Charles, not so fast!" cried Captain Scarrow; "you have not played out the hand, and we are not the losers."

"Sink you for a liar," said the Governor. "I tell you that I *have* played out the hand, and that you *are* a loser." He whipped off his wig and his glasses as he spoke, and there was a high bald forehead, and a pair of shifty blue eyes with the red rims of a bull terrier.

"Wonder!" cried the mate. "It's Sharkey!"

The two sailors sprang from their seats, but the big American castaway had put his huge back against the cabin door, and he held a pistol in each of his hands. The passenger had also laid a pistol upon the scattered cards in front of him, and he burst into his high, neighing laugh.

"Captain Sharkey is the name, gentlemen," said he, "and this is Roaring Ned Galloway, the quartermaster of the 'Happy Delivery.' We made it hot—mighty hot—and so they marooned us, me on a Dry Tortuga cay, and him in an oarless boat. You dogs—you poor, fond, water-hearted dogs—we hold you at the end of our pistols."



"THE BIG AMERICAN HAD PUT HIS HUGE BACK AGAINST THE CABIN DOOR, AND HE HELD A PISTOL IN EACH OF HIS HANDS."

"AT THAT MOMENT THE DINGHY SHOT INTO THE SHADOW OF THE FISHING-BOAT."

"You may shoot, or you may not," cried Scarrow, striking his hand upon the breast of his frieze jacket. "If it's my last breath, Sharkey, I tell you that you are a bloody rogue and miscreant, with a halter and hell fire in store for you."

"There's a man of spirit, and one of my own kidney, and he's going to make a very pretty death of it," cried Sharkey. "There's no one aft save the man at the wheel; so you may keep your breath, for you'll need it soon. Is the dinghy astern, Ned?"

"Aye, aye, captain."

"And the other boats scuttled?"

"I bored them all in three places."

"Then we shall have to leave you, Captain Scarrow. You look as if you hadn't quite got your bearings yet. Is there anything you'd like to ask me?"

"I believe you are the devil himself," cried the captain. "Where is the Governor of St. Kitts?"

"When last I saw him his excellency was in bed with his throat cut. When I broke prison I learned from my friends—for Captain Sharkey has those who love him in every port—that the Governor was starting for Europe under a master who had never seen him. I climbed his veranda, and I paid him the little debt that I owed him. Then I came aboard you with such of his things as I had need of, and a pair of glasses to hide these tell-tale eyes of mine, and I have ruffled it as a governor should. Now, Ned, you can get to work upon them."

"Help! Help! Watch, ahoy!" yelled the mate; but the butt of the pirate's pistol crashed down on to his head, and he dropped like a pithed ox. Scarrow rushed for the door, but the sentinel clapped his hand over his mouth, and threw his other arm round his waist.

"No use, Master Scarrow," said Sharkey. "Let us see you go down on your knees and beg for your life."

"Never!" cried Scarrow, shaking his mouth clear.

"Twist his arm round, Ned. Now will you?"

"No; not if you twist it off."

"Put an inch of your knife into him."

"You may put six inches, and then I won't."

"Sink me, but I like his spirit!" cried Sharkey. "Put your knife in your pocket, Ned. You've saved your skin, Scarrow. It's a pity so stout a man should not take to the only trade where a pretty fellow can pick up a living. Tie him up, Ned."

"To the stove, captain?"

"Tut, tut! there's a fire in the stove. Make him fast to the table."

"Nay, I thought you meant to roast him!" said the quartermaster. "You surely do not mean to let him go?"

"If you and I were marooned on a Bahama cay, Ned Galloway, it is still for me to command and for you to obey. Sink you for a villain, do you dare to question my orders?"

"Nay, nay, Captain Sharkey; not so hot, sir!" said the quartermaster, and lifting Scarrow like a child, he laid him on the table. With the quick dexterity of a seaman, he tied his spread-eagled hands and feet with a rope which was passed underneath, and gagged him securely with the long cravat which used to adorn the chin of the Governor of St. Kitts.

"Now, Captain Scarrow, we must take our leave of you," said the pirate. "If I had half a dozen of my brisk boys at my

heels I would have had your cargo and your ship, but Roaring Ned could not find a foremast hand with the spirit of a mouse."

Captain Scarrow heard the key turn in the lock as they left the cabin. Then as he strained at his bonds he heard their footsteps pass up the companion and along the quarterdeck to where the dinghy hung in the stern. Then, still struggling and writhing, he heard the creak of the falls and the splash of the boat in the water. In a mad fury he tore and dragged at his ropes, until at last, with flayed wrists and ankles, he rolled from the table, kicked his way through the closed door, and rushed on to the deck.

"Ahoy! Peterson, Armitage, Wilson!" he screamed. "Cutlasses and pistols! Clear away the long boat! Clear away the gig! Sharkey, the pirate, is in yonder dinghy. Whistle up the larboard watch, bo'sun, and tumble into the boats, all hands."

Down splashed the long boat and down splashed the gig, but in an instant the coxswains and crews were swarming up the falls on to the deck once more. "The boats are scuttled," they cried. "They are leaking like a sieve."

The captain gave a bitter curse. He had been beaten and outwitted at every point. Above was a cloudless starlit sky, with neither wind nor the promise of it. The sails flapped idly in the moonlight. Far away lay a fishing-smack, with the men clustering over their net.

Close to them was the little dinghy, dipping and lifting over the shining swell.

"They are dead men," cried the captain. "A shout, all together, boys! to warn them of their danger."

But it was too late.

At that very moment the dinghy shot into the shadow of the fishing-boat. There were two rapid pistol shots, a scream, and then another pistol shot, followed by silence. The clustering fishermen had disappeared. And then suddenly, as the first puffs of a land breeze came out from the Sussex shore, the boom swung out, the mainsail filled, and the little craft crept out with her nose to the Atlantic.

MAY.

By Mrs. T. H. Huxley.

I.

Listen, a spirit is singing
Over the earth;
A new birth
Of beauty she carols, swift bringing
Verdure for field, blooms for the bower.
Life's great heart throbs with stronger beats,
Loveliness grows from hour to hour
In color upon earth and sky,
Hope fills each breast, we know not why;
The joyousness of May entreats.

II.

Clear sounds from tree to tree
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Into her shoe
The maiden looks to see
Thread of hair, black, brown, or gold;
Keen her gaze by hope possessed,
As though her fate she could unfold,
And by the rustic spell discover
If dark or fair shall be her lover—
Doubtful knowledge, mystic quest.

III.

Orchards are white with foam of snow;
May has come;
You may hear the hum
Of the bee in the blossoms to and fro;
A wealth of flowers! The golden tress
Of laburnum hangs o'er the garden wall;
There sings the thrush with loving stress
From a bush of lilac. Gay wall-flowers
Blazon the corners by leafy bowers.
Drink deep, that your soul may life's May recall.

IV.

To doubting hearts, sweet May,
Sing, "Joy is duty,
Garner beauty,
Store for the future, for delight
And warmth against the chilly day,
November's, with the lengthening night.
Joy's glories, flaming to the end,
As northern lights with darkness blend,
Stream through your hearts when old and gray,
And beautify them till the last pulse play."

THE CAPTURE, DEATH, AND BURIAL OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE, AND DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE ASSASSIN OF LINCOLN, NOW FIRST TOLD FROM THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL L. C. BAKER AND LIEUTENANT L. B. BAKER, WHO DIRECTED THE PURSUIT AND DISPOSED OF BOOTH'S BODY.

[The final capture of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, has been generally credited to Lieutenant E. P. Doherty and a squad of cavalry under his command. Morse, in his "Abraham Lincoln," says: "Late on April 25, a squad of cavalry traced Booth to a barn in Virginia," etc. Nicolay and Hay, in their history, say: "On the night of the 25th of April, a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty arrested, in his bed at Bowling Green, William Jett, one of the Confederate soldiers mentioned above, and forced him to guide them to Garrett's barn." Lieutenant Doherty has also given himself the credit of the capture in an article in "The Century Magazine" for January, 1890. The truth is that Lieutenant Doherty and his command were simply an escort furnished to a detective who had been employed by Secretary Stanton to find the murderer of the President. This detective was Colonel L. C. Baker. He had as aids Lieutenant L. B. Baker and Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Conger. They had become convinced that Booth must be near a certain point, and asked an escort in their search. This escort was directly under Colonel Baker and his lieutenants, and had nothing whatever to do but obey their orders, which it undoubtedly did. The confusion in the story, which has crept into the best histories, has induced Mr. Ray S. Baker of Chicago, a cousin of Colonel Baker and a nephew of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, to prepare an exact account of the pursuit and capture. He has used in preparing his article the private papers and reminiscences of his cousin and uncle, the records of the War Department, the newspapers of the day, and the printed reports of the trial of Booth's accomplices. We believe that his article is not only historically accurate, but that it gives a vivid description of this remarkable transaction such as would be impossible save from one who had received his information first-hand from one of the leading actors in it.—Ida M. Tarbell.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN was shot a few minutes after ten o'clock, Friday evening, April 14, 1865.

The conspirators could not have chosen a more favorable occasion for their bloody work. Washington and the North were in a paroxysm of rejoicing over the surrender of Lee and the close of a long and bloody war. The rigor of military restrictions was in some degree relaxed, and the highways of travel north and south were rapidly opening. Everywhere the air was filled with the spirit of disorganization consequent on the mustering out of armed men and the return of the soldier to his plow-handle. Even the President of the United States, weary of tedious cabinet meetings, had laid aside his arduous duties on that fateful Friday evening, to seek much needed rest at the theater.

No doubt Booth and his accomplices were conscious of this general relaxation, and calculated on it to assist them in their escape when the plotted deed in Washington was done. Certain it is that if the military cordon had been drawn as closely as it was while active hostilities were in progress, the chief assassin and his assistant never would have thundered past the sentinel on the navy-yard bridge and escaped into the yet hostile South. And compelled to remain within the confines of Washington, their capture by the police doubtless would have been a question of only a few hours.

As soon as the news of the assassination reached the War Department, thousands of soldiers, policemen, and detectives were despatched to guard every possible avenue of escape, with orders to arrest every per-

son who sought under any pretext to leave Washington. The Navy Department sent numberless tugs, steamers, and even ships of war to patrol the Potomac, in the hope of preventing the flight of the assassins by boat. Before the morning of the 15th the lines were so thoroughly established that the shrewdest spy would have found difficulty in creeping through them without being captured. But at that late hour it was all to no purpose; Booth was miles away.

In this emergency, Secretary of War Stanton turned to the national secret service bureau, a branch of the department which was under his immediate direction and control. Colonel Lafayette C. Baker (afterwards General), its chief, was in New York city making plans for the capture of a band of bounty-jumpers then operating in the North. Mr. Stanton telegraphed him in the following words:

April 15, 3:20.
COLONEL L. C. BAKER:

Come here immediately and see if you can find the murderer of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

LIEUTENANT L. B. BAKER AND HIS HORSE "BUCKSKIN."

From a photograph taken in 1881. This was the horse ridden by Lieutenant Baker in the pursuit of Booth. His body is now mounted and preserved in the Museum of the Michigan Agricultural College.

Early the next morning Colonel Baker reached Washington. He was accompanied by his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, a member of the bureau, who recently had been mustered out of the First District of Columbia cavalry. They went at once to the office of the War Department, and, after a conference with Secretary Stanton, began the search for the murderers of the President.

Up to this time the confusion had been so great that few of the ordinary detective measures for the apprehension of criminals had been employed. No rewards had been offered, little or no attempt had been made to collect and analyze the clues in the furtherance of a systematic search, and the pursuit was wholly without a directing leadership.

Colonel Baker's first step was the publication over his own name of a handbill offering $30,000 reward for the capture of the fugitives.* Twenty thousand dollars of this amount was subscribed by the city of Washington, and the other $10,000 Colonel Baker offered on his own account, as authorized by the War Department. To this handbill minute descriptions of Booth and the unknown person who attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward were appended. Hardly had the bills been posted when the United States Government authorized the publication of additional rewards to the amount of $100,000 for the capture of Booth, Surratt, and Herold, Surratt at that time being suspected of direct complicity in the assassination.† Three States increased this sum by

* Following is a copy of the reward handbill issued by Colonel Baker—the first to be sent out:

$30,000 Reward.

Description
of
JOHN WILKES BOOTH,

Who assassinated the PRESIDENT on the evening of April 14th, 1865.

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 160 pounds; compact build; hair jet black, inclined to curl, medium length, parted behind; eyes black, and heavy eyebrows; wears a large seal ring on little finger; when talking inclines his head forward; looks down.

Description of the person who attempted to assassinate Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

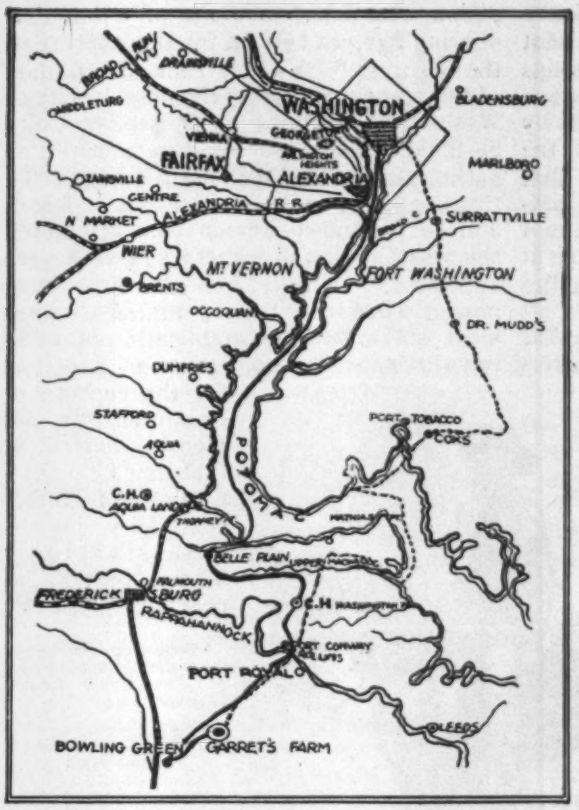
Height 6 feet 1 inch; hair black, thick, full, and straight; no beard nor appearance of beard; cheeks red on the jaws; face moderately full; 22 or 23 years of age; eyes, color not known—large eyes not prominent; brows not heavy but dark; face not large but rather round; complexion healthy; nose straight and well formed, medium size; lips thin; upper lip protruded when he talked; chin pointed and prominent; head medium size; neck short and of medium length; hands soft and small; fingers tapering; shows no signs of hard labor; broad shoulders; taper waist; straight figure; strong-looking man; manner not gentlemanly, but vulgar. Overcoat double-breasted; color mixed of pink and gray spots, small—was a sack overcoat, pockets inside and one on breast, with lapels or flaps; pants black, common stuff; new heavy boots; voice small and thin, inclined to tenor.

The common council of Washington, D. C., have offered a reward of $20,000 for the arrest and conviction of these assassins, in addition to which I will pay $10,000.

L. C. BAKER,
Colonel, and Agent of the War Department.

† This was the exact wording of the reward handbills issued by Secretary Stanton and circulated by Colonel Baker:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865. $100,000 reward. The murderer of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, is still at large. $50,000 reward will be paid by this department for his apprehension in addition to



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF BOOTH'S FLIGHT AND LIEUTENANT BAKER'S PURSUIT. THE DOTTED LINE MARKS BOOTH'S COURSE; THE BLACK LINE, BAKER'S.

$25,000 each, and many individuals and companies, shocked by the awful atrocity of the crime, offered rewards in varying amounts. Fabulous stories were told of the wealth which the assassin's captor would receive, the sums being placed anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000. This prospect of winning a fortune at once sent hundreds of detectives, recently discharged Union officers and soldiers, and a vast host of mere adventurers—the flotsam of Washington—into the field, and the whole of southern Maryland and eastern Virginia was scoured and ransacked until it seemed as if a jack-rabbit could not have escaped. And yet, at the end of ten days, the assassins were still at large.

Booth was accompanied in his flight by a callow, stage-struck youth named David C. Herold, who was bound to the older man by the ties of a marvelous personal magnetism which the actor exercised as a part of his art. Two hours after the assassination the fugitives reached Mrs. Surratt's tavern, where Herold secured a carbine, two flasks of whisky, and a field-glass. They imparted the information with some show of pride that they had just killed the President of the United States. By this time Booth's broken leg had begun to give him excruciating pain, and the two rode without delay to the house of Dr. Mudd, a Southern sympathizer of the most pronounced type. Here the assassin's leg was set and splinted, for lack of better material, with bits of an old cigar-box. Rude crutches were whittled out by a friend of Dr. Mudd's, and on the following day Booth and his deluded follower rode on to the southward.

For more than a week they were hidden in a swamp near Port Tobacco by Samuel Cox and Thomas Brown, both of whom were stanch Confederates. Here they were compelled to kill their horses for fear that a whinny might reveal their presence to their eager pursuers. After many attempts Brown was able to send the fugitives across the river in a little boat, for which Booth paid $300. Once in Virginia, and among Southerners, Booth felt that they would be safe; but in this supposition he was sorely disappointed. At least one prominent Confederate treated them as murderers and out-

any reward offered by municipal authorities or State executives.

$25,000 reward will be paid for the apprehension of John H. Surratt, one of Booth's accomplices.

$25,000 reward will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Herold, another of Booth's accomplices.

Liberal rewards will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above named criminals or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or secreting the said persons or either of them or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be held to trial before a military commission and the punishment of death.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it is accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Descriptions:—Booth is 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wore a heavy black moustache, which there is some reason to believe has been shaved off.

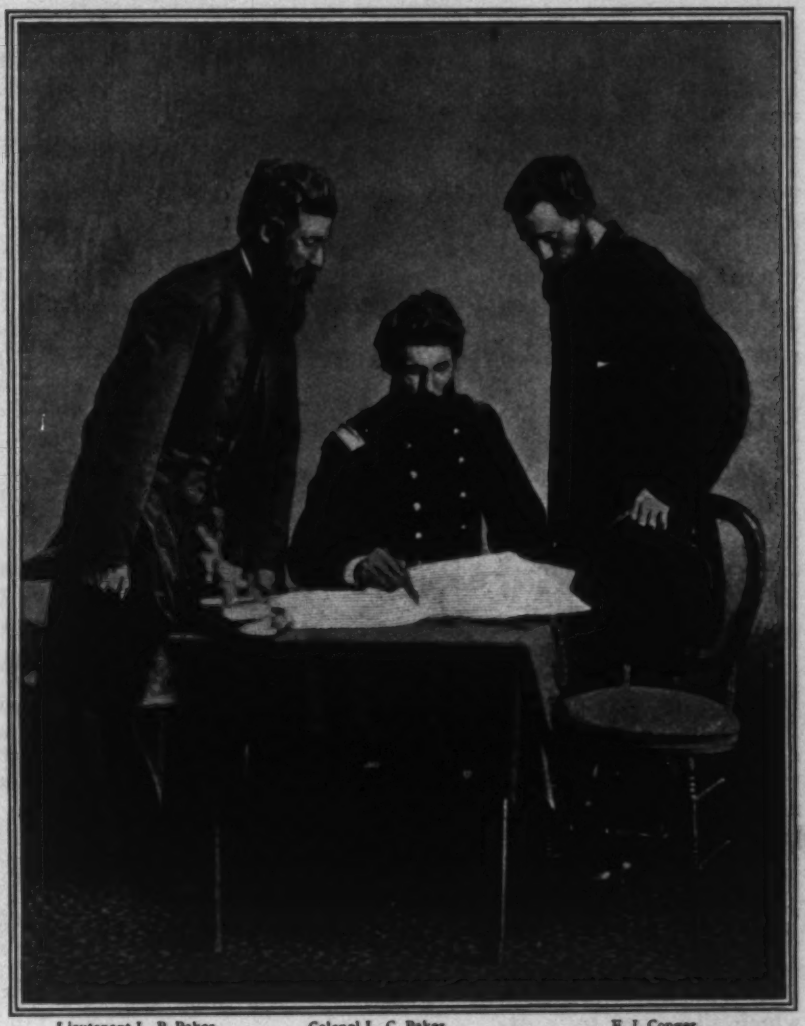
John H. Surratt is about 5 feet 9 inches. Hair rather thin and dark; eyes rather light; no beard. Would weigh 145 or 150 pounds. Complexion rather pale and clear, with color in his cheeks. Wore light clothes of fine quality. Shoulders square, cheek bones rather prominent; chin narrow, ears project at the top; forehead rather low and square but broad. Parts his hair on right side; neck rather long. His lips are firmly set. A slim man.

David C. Herold is 5 feet 6 inches high, hair dark, eyes dark, eyebrows rather heavy, full face, nose short, hands short and fleshy, feet small, instep high, round-bodied, naturally quick and active. Slightly closes his eyes when looking at a person.

Notice. In addition to the above State and other authorities have offered rewards amounting to almost One Hundred Thousand Dollars, making an aggregate of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

casts, and they were compelled to accept the help of negroes and to skulk and cower under assumed names.

In beginning his search for the assassins, Colonel Baker proceeded on the theory that Jefferson Davis and the whole Confederate cabinet were involved in the plot, and that Booth, Atzerodt, Payne, Surratt, Herold, and the others were mere tools in the hands of more skilled conspirators. He therefore detailed Lieutenant Baker to procure, for the purpose of future identification, photographs of John H. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, George Harper, George Young, "and others unknown," all of whom were charged with being conspirators.



Lieutenant L. B. Baker. Colonel L. C. Baker. E. J. Conger.

PLANNING THE PURSUIT OF BOOTH IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECRET SERVICE BUREAU, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

From the original photograph, loaned by Mrs. L. B. Baker, Lansing, Michigan.

Later Lieutenant Baker, with half a dozen active men to help him, was sent into lower Maryland to distribute the handbills describing Booth, Herold, and Surratt, and to exhibit the pictures of the fugitives wherever possible. Under instructions from Colonel Baker, they also made a search for clues, but they found themselves harassed and thwarted at every turn by private detectives and soldiers who tried to throw them off the trail in the hope of following it successfully themselves.

On their return to Washington, Lieutenant Baker gave it as his opinion to his chief that Booth and his companion or companions had not gone south at all, but had taken some other direction, probably toward Philadelphia, where it was known that Booth had several warm friends.

"No, sir," was Colonel Baker's answer, "you are mistaken. There is no place of safety for them on earth except among their friends in the still rebellious South."

Acting on this belief, Colonel Baker sent Theodore Woodall, one of the detectives, into lower Maryland, accompanied by an expert telegrapher named Beckwith, who was to attach his instrument to the wires at any convenient point and report frequently to the headquarters at Washington. These men had been out less than two days when they discovered a voluble

negro who told them quite promptly that two men answering to the description of Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac below Port Tobacco on Saturday night (April 22d) in a fishing-boat. This evidence, which had already been spurned by a company of troops, was regarded as of so much importance, that the negro was hurried to Washington by the next boat, where Colonel Baker questioned him closely, afterward showing him a large number of photographs. He at once selected the pictures of Booth and Herold as being the persons whom he had seen in the boat. Colonel Baker decided that the clue was of the first importance, and, after a hurried conference with Secretary Stanton, he sent a request to General Hancock * for a detachment of cavalry to guard his men in the pursuit. Lieutenant Baker was then ordered to the quartermaster department to make arrangements for transportation down the Potomac.† On his return he was informed that he and E. J. Conger, another detective, were to have charge of the party. The three men then held a conference in which the chief fully explained his theory of the whereabouts of Booth and his accomplice.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

From a photograph in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

Half an hour later Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty of the Sixteenth New York cavalry, with twenty-five men, Sergeant Boston Corbett second in command, reported to Colonel Baker for duty. He was directed to go with Lieutenant Baker and Conger wherever they might order, and to protect them to the extent of his ability. Without waiting even to secure a sufficient supply of rations, Lieutenant Baker and his men galloped down to the Sixth Street dock, where they were hurried on board the government tug "John S. Ide."

It was a little after three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, April 24th, when the expedition started. Seven hours later the tug reached Belle Plaine landing. At this point there is a sharp bend in the river, and Colonel Baker had advised his men to scour the strip of country stretching between it and the Rappahannock.

On disembarking Baker and Conger rode cautiously ahead into the dark, directing Lieutenant Doherty and his detachment to follow within hailing distance. The country was familiar to both of the leaders of the expedition, and at the homes of the more prominent Confederates they stopped to make inquiries, assuming the names of well-known blockade-runners and mail-carriers.

"We are being pursued by the Yanks," they said; "and in crossing the river we have become separated from two of our party, one of whom is lame. Have you seen them?"

All night long this kind of work, interspersed with much hard riding, was continued. But although the Confederates invariably expressed their sympathy, it was evident that they knew nothing of the fugitives. At dawn the cavalrymen threw off their disguises, and halted an hour for rest and refreshment. Again in their saddles they struck across the country in the direction of Port Conway, a little town on the Rappahannock about twenty-two miles below Fredericksburg. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon they drew

* Colonel Baker sent the following request to General Hancock:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, *April 24th.*
MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK, United States Army:—

General: I am directed by the Secretary of War to apply to you for a small cavalry force of 25 men, well mounted, to be commanded by a reliable and discreet commissioned officer.

Can you furnish them? And if so, will you please direct the officer commanding the squad to report to me with the men at No. 217 Pennsylvania avenue, opposite Willard's Hotel, at once?

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
L. C. BAKER,
Colonel, and Agent War Department.

Official:
DUNCAN S. WALKER, *A. A. General:*

Adjutant-General A. R. Sewell sent an order to the commanding officer of the 16th New York cavalry, directing him to detail 25 men "to report at once to Col. L. C. Baker." In compliance with this order Captain J. Schneider commissioned Lieut. E. P. Doherty to undertake the task.

† He returned with the following communication:

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
RIVER TRANSPORTATION, SIXTH STREET WHARF,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 24th.*

COL. L. C. BAKER, *Agent War Department:*

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that I will have a boat ready for you at four P.M. this day.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
A. S. ALLEN,
Captain, and Assistant Quartermaster.

rein near a planter's house half a mile distant from the town, and ordered dinner for the men and feed for the horses. Conger, who was suffering from an old wound, was now nearly exhausted from the long, hot, and dusty ride, and he and all of the other members of the party except Baker and one of the men—a corporal—dropped down at the roadside to rest.

Baker feared that the presence of the searching party might give warning to Booth and his companion should they be hiding anywhere in the neighborhood. He therefore pushed on ahead to the bank of the Rappahannock. Here, dozing in front of his little cottage in the sunshine, Baker found a fisherman-ferryman whose name was Rollins. He asked him if he had seen a lame man cross the river within the past few days. Yes, he had, and there was another man with him. In fact, Rollins said that he had ferried them across the river. Instantly Baker drew out his photographs, and Rollins pointed without the least hesitation to the pictures of Booth and Herold.

THE MAN WHO SHOT BOOTH, SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT, READING HIS BIBLE.

"There are the men," he said, nodding his head; "there are the men, only this one"—pointing to Booth's picture—"had no mustache."

It was with a thrill of intense satisfaction that Baker heard these words. He was now positive that he, of all the hundreds of detectives and soldiers who were swarming the country, was on the right trail. But not a moment was to be lost. Even now the objects of their search might be riding far into the land of the rebels. Baker sent the corporal back with orders for Conger and the cavalrymen to come up without delay. After he was gone Rollins explained that the two men—who could be none other than Booth and Herold—had hired him to ferry them across the river on the previous afternoon. Just before starting three men had ridden up and greeted the fugitives, afterward accompanying them across the river. In response to close questioning Rollins admitted that he knew the three men well; that they were Major M. B. Ruggles, Captain Willy Jett, and Lieutenant Bainbridge, who had fought during the war with Mosby's guerrillas.

"Do you know where they went?"—Baker pressed the question.

"Waal," drawled the fisherman, "this Captain Jett has a lady-love over at Bowling Green, and I reckon he went over there."

He further explained that Bowling Green was about fifteen miles to the southwest, and that it had a big hotel which would make a good hiding-place for a wounded man. As the cavalry came up Baker told Rollins that he would have to accompany them as a guide until they reached Bowling Green. To this Rollins objected on the ground that he would incur the hatred of his neighbors, none of whom had favored the Union cause.

"But you might make me your prisoner," he said in his slow drawl; "then I would have to go."

Baker felt the necessity of exercising the greatest energy in the pursuit if the fugitives were to be snatched from the shelter of a hostile country. Rollins's ferry-boat was old and shaky, and although the loading was done with the greatest despatch, it took three trips to get the detachment across the river. About sundown the actual march for Bowling Green was begun.

As the horses sweltered up the crooked, sandy road from the river, Baker and Conger, who were riding ahead, saw two horsemen standing as motionless as sentinels on the top of the hill, their dark forms silhouetted in black against the sky. They seemed much interested in the movements of the cavalrymen. Baker and Conger at once suspected them of being Booth's friends, who had, in some way, received information of the approach of a searching-party. Baker signaled the horsemen to wait for a parley, but instead of stopping they at once put spurs to their horses and galloped up the road. Conger and Baker gave chase, bent to the necks of their horses and riding at full speed; but just as they were overhauling them, the two horsemen dashed into a blind trail leading from the main road into a dark

pine forest. The pursuers drew rein on their winded horses, and, after consultation, decided not to follow further, but to reach Bowling Green as promptly as possible.

These men, as they afterward learned, were Bainbridge and Herold; and Booth at that moment was less than half a mile away, lying on the grass in front of the Garrett house. Indeed, he saw his pursuers distinctly as they passed his hiding-place, and commented on their dusty and saddle-worn appearance. But they believed him to be in Bowling Green, fifteen miles away, and so they pushed on, leaving behind them the very man they so much desired to see.

It was near midnight when the party clattered into Bowling Green, and with hardly a spoken command, surrounded the dark, rambling old hotel. Baker stepped boldly to the front door, while Conger strode to the rear, from whence came the dismal barking of a dog. Presently a light flickered on the fan-light, and some one opened the door a crack and inquired, in a frightened, feminine voice, what was wanted. Baker thrust his toe inside, flung the door wide open, and was confronted by a woman. At this moment Conger came through from the back way, led by a stammering negro. The woman admitted at once that there was a Confederate cavalryman sleeping in her house, and she promptly pointed out the room. Baker and Conger, candle in hand, at once entered. Captain Jett sat up, staring at them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We want you," answered Conger; "you took Booth across the river, and you know where he is."

"You are mistaken in your man," he replied, crawling out of bed.

"You lie," roared Conger, springing forward, his pistol clicking close to Jett's head.

By this time the cavalrymen were crowding into the room, and Jett saw the candle-light glinting on their brass buttons and on their drawn revolvers.

"Upon honor as a gentleman," he said, paling, "I will tell you all I know if you will shield me from complicity in the whole matter."

"Yes, if we get Booth," responded Conger.

"Booth is at the Garrett house, three miles this side of Port Conway," he said; "if you came that way you may have frightened him off, for you must have passed the place."

In less than thirty minutes the pursuing party was doubling back over the road by which it had just come, bearing Jett with it as a prisoner. His bridle reins were fastened to the men on each side of him, in the fear that he would make a dash to escape and alarm Booth and Herold.

It was a black night, no moon, no stars, and the dust rose in choking clouds. For two days the men had eaten little and slept less, and they were so worn out that they could hardly sit their jaded horses. And yet they plunged and stumbled onward through the darkness, over fifteen miles of meandering country road, reaching Garrett's farm at half past three o'clock in the morning of April 26th. Like many other Southern places, Garrett's house stood far back from the road, with a bridle gate at the end of a long lane. So exhausted were the cavalrymen, that some of them dropped down in the sand where their horses stopped and had to be kicked into wakefulness. Rollins and Jett were placed under guard, and Baker and Conger made a dash up the lane, some of the cavalrymen following.

Garrett's house was an old-fashioned Southern mansion, somewhat dilapidated, with a wide, hospitable piazza reaching its full length in front, and barns and tobacco houses looming big and dark apart. Baker leaped from his horse to the steps, and thundered on the door. A moment later a window close at hand was cautiously raised, and a man thrust his head out. Before he could say a word Baker seized him by the arm.

"Open the door; be quick about it."

The old man tremblingly complied, and Baker slipped inside, closing the door behind him. A candle was quickly lighted, and then Baker demanded of Garrett to reveal the hiding-place of the two men who had been staying in his house.

"They're gone to the woods," he said, paling and beginning to tremble.

Baker thrust his revolver into the old man's face.

"Don't tell me that," he said; "they are here."

Conger now came in with young Garrett.

"Don't injure father," said the young man; "I will tell you all about it. The men did go to the woods last evening when some cavalry went by, but they came back and wanted us to take them over to Louisa Court House. We said we could not leave home before morning, if at all. We were becoming suspicious of them, and father told them they could not stay with us—"

"Where are they now?" interrupted Baker.

"In the barn; my brother locked them in for fear they would steal the horses. He is now keeping watch in the corn-crib."

It was plain that the Garretts did not know the identity of the men who had been imposing on their hospitality. Consequently, Baker asked no more questions, but taking young Garrett's arm, he made a dash toward the barn. Conger ordered the cavalrymen to follow, and formed them in such positions around the barn that no one could escape. By this time the soldiers had found the boy in the crib, and had brought him up with the key. Baker unlocked the door, and told young Garrett that, inasmuch as the two men were his guests, he must go inside and induce them to come out and surrender. The young man objected most vigorously.

"They are armed to the teeth," he faltered; "and they'll shoot me down."

But he appreciated the fact that he was looking into the black mouth of Baker's revolver, and hastily slid through the doorway. There was a sudden rustling of corn-blades, and the sound of voices in low conversation. All around the barn the soldiers were picketed, wrapped in inky blackness and uttering no sound. In the midst of a little circle of candle-light Baker stood at the doorway with drawn revolver. Conger had gone to the rear of the barn. During the heat and excitement of the chase he had assumed command of the cavalrymen, somewhat to the umbrage of Lieutenant Doherty, who kept himself in the background during the remainder of the night. Further away, around the house, Garrett's family huddled together trembling and frightened.

Suddenly from the barn a clear, high voice rang out, the voice of the tragedian in his last play.

"You have betrayed me, sir; leave this barn or I will shoot you."

Baker now called to the men in the barn, ordering them to turn over their arms to young Garrett, and to surrender at once.

"If you don't," threatened Baker, "we shall burn the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting match."

At that Garrett came running to the door and begged to be let out. He said he would do anything he could, but he didn't want to risk his life in the presence of two such desperate men. Baker therefore opened the door, and Garrett came out with a bound. He turned and pointed to the candle which Baker had been carrying since he left the house.

"Put that out or he will shoot you by its light," he whispered in a frightened voice.

Baker placed the candle on the ground at a little distance from the door so that it would light all the space in front of the barn. Then he called again to Booth to surrender. In a full, clear, ringing voice —a voice that smacked of the stage— Booth replied:

"There is a man here who wishes very much to surrender," and then they heard him say to Herold, "Leave me, will you? Go; I don't want you to stay."

At the door Herold was whimpering: "Let me out; I know nothing of this man in here."

"Bring out your arms and you can come," answered Baker.

Herold denied having any arms, and Booth finally said: "He has no arms; the arms are mine, and I shall keep them."

By this time Herold was praying piteously to be let out. He said he was afraid of being shot, and he begged to be allowed to surrender. Baker opened the door a little, and told him to put out his hands. The moment they appeared Baker seized them, whipped Herold out of the barn, and turned him over to the soldiers.

"You had better come, too," Baker then said to Booth.

"Tell me who you are and what you want of me. It may be that I am being taken by my friends."

"It makes no difference who we are," was the reply. "We know you and we want you. We have fifty well-armed men stationed around this barn. You cannot escape, and we do not wish to kill you."

There was a moment's pause, and then Booth said falteringly:

"Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. I am lame. Give me a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from here, and I will fight your whole command."

"We are not here to fight," said Baker; "we are here to take you."

Booth then asked for time to consider, and Baker told him that he could have two minutes, no more. Presently he said:

"Captain, I believe you to be a brave and honorable man. I have had half a dozen chances to shoot you. I have a bead drawn on you now—but I do not wish to kill you. Withdraw your men from the door, and I'll go out. Give me this chance for my life. I will not be taken alive."

Even in his deep distress Booth had not

forgotten to be theatrical. If he must die he wished to die at the climax of a highly dramatic situation.

"Your time is up," said Baker firmly; "if you don't come out we shall fire the barn."

"Well, then, my brave boys," came the answer in clear, ringing tones that could be heard by the women who cowered on Garrett's porch, rods away, "you may prepare a stretcher for me." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Conger now came around the corner of the barn and asked Baker if he was ready. Baker nodded, and Conger stepped noiselessly back, drew a handful of corn-blades through a crack in the barn, scratched a match, and in a moment the whole interior of the barn was brilliant with light. Baker opened the door and peered in. Booth had been leaning against the mow, but he now sprang forward, half blinded by the sudden glare of fire, his crutches under his arms and his carbine leveled in the direction of the flames as if he would shoot the man who had set them going. But he could not see into the darkness outside. He hesitated, then reeled forward again. An old table was near at hand. He caught hold of it as though to cast it top down on the fire, but he was not quick enough. Dropping one crutch, he hobbled toward the door. About the middle of the barn he stopped, drew himself up to his full height, and seemed to take in the entire situation. His hat was gone, and his wavy, dark hair was tossed back from his high white forehead; his lips were firmly compressed, and, if he was pale, the ruddy glow of the fire-light concealed that fact. In his full, dark eyes there was an expression of mingled hatred, terror, and the defiance of a tiger hunted to his lair. In one hand he held a carbine, in the other a revolver, and his belt contained another revolver and a bowie-knife. He seemed prepared to fight to the end, no matter what numbers opposed him. By this time the flames in the dry corn-blades had mounted to the rafters of the dingy old building, arching the hunted assassin in a glow of fire more brilliant than the lighting of any theater in which he had ever played. And for once in his life, J. Wilkes Booth was a great actor. He was in the last scene of his last play. The curtain soon would drop.

Suddenly Booth threw aside his remaining crutch, dropped his carbine, raised his revolver, and made a spring for the door. It was his evident intention to shoot down any one who might bar his way, and make a dash for liberty, fighting as he ran.

There came a shock that sounded above the roar of the flames. Booth leaped in the air and pitched forward on his face. Baker was upon him in an instant, grasping both his arms to prevent the use of the revolver. But this precaution was entirely unnecessary. Booth would struggle no more. Another moment and Conger and the soldiers came rushing in. Baker turned the wounded man over and felt for his heart.

"He must have shot himself," said Conger.

"No," replied Baker; "I saw him every moment after the fire was lighted. The man who did do the shooting goes back to Washington in irons for disobedience of orders."

In the excitement that followed the firing of the barn, Sergeant Boston Corbett,* an eccentric character who had accompanied the cavalry detachment, had stolen up to the side of the barn, placed his revolver to the crack between two boards, and just as Booth was about to spring through the doorway, had fired the fatal shot. He afterward told Lieutenant Baker that he knew Booth's movement meant death either for him (Baker) or for Booth.

Booth's body was caught up and carried out of the barn and laid under an apple-

* Corbett was a most eccentric character. He was born in London, England, in 1832, and came to this country when he was seven years old. He became a hat finisher by trade, wandering about the country from city to city and having no permanent home. While in Boston he joined the Methodist Church, and when he was baptized he took the name of Boston, in honor of the city of his conversion. He enlisted in the Twelfth New York state militia, but was continually in trouble with his superior officers because he persisted in following the dictates of his conscience rather than military orders. One day at dress parade in Franklin Square the colonel commanding found occasion to swear at the regiment for something that displeased him. Corbett at once stepped from the ranks and, with a salute, said: "Colonel, do you know you are breaking God's law?"

At the close of his first period of enlistment as a soldier in the war of the rebellion, he made up his mind that his time expired at midnight on a certain day. He gave due notice that he would leave at that time, but no attention was paid to his vagaries and he was detailed on picket duty. At midnight he left his post and hurried away to make preparations for his departure. He was arrested, court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot for deserting his post in the face of the enemy. But his colonel made an appeal to President Lincoln, who heard the case patiently, inquired into Corbett's general character, and pardoned the man who was to slay his assassin.

After Corbett had shot Booth, and just as day was breaking, he was crossing the lawn in front of Garrett's house. Conger hailed him, and demanded the reason why he had fired against orders. Corbett took the position of a soldier, saluted, and pointed heavenward.

"God Almighty directed me," he said.

"Well," was Conger's answer as he turned away, "I guess He did, or you couldn't have hit Booth through that crack in the barn."

Afterward Corbett said that unless he had fired, Lieutenant Baker, who stood at the door, would have been killed. These were the only excuses that he ever offered for his disobedience of orders.

Years afterward Corbett became insane, and was confined in a Kansas asylum.

tree not far away. Water was dashed in his face, and Baker tried to make him drink, but he seemed unable to swallow. Presently, however, he opened his eyes and seemed to understand the situation. His lips moved, and Baker bent down to hear what he might say.

"Tell mother—tell mother—" he faltered, and then became unconscious again. The flames of the burning barn now grew so intense that it was necessary to remove the dying man to the piazza of the house, where he was laid on a mattress provided by Mrs. Garrett. A cloth wet in brandy was applied to his lips, and under its influence he revived a little. Then he opened his eyes and said with deep bitterness:

"Oh, kill me, kill me quick."

"No, Booth," said Baker, "we don't want you to die. You were shot against orders." Then he was unconscious again for several minutes, and they thought he never would speak again. But his breast heaved, and he acted as if he wished to say something. Baker placed his ear at the dying man's mouth, and Booth faltered:

"Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best."

With a feeling of pity and tenderness, Baker lifted the limp hand, but it fell back again as if dead at his side. Booth seemed conscious of the movement; he turned his eyes and muttered hopelessly:

"Useless—useless"—and he was dead.

When his collar was removed it was found that the bullet had struck the assassin under the ear, in almost the exact location that his own had struck the President. The great nerve of the spinal column had been severed, resulting in instant paralysis of the entire body below the wound.

About twenty minutes before Booth's death, Conger had started for Washington, taking with him Booth's arms, his diary, and other articles found on his person. While the Garretts were preparing breakfast for the hungry men, Booth's body was wrapped in a saddle blanket and the blanket stoutly sewed together. The body was then placed in an ancient and decrepit market wagon owned by an old colored man, who had been forced into the service somewhat against his will. Without waiting for breakfast, Baker, accompanied by a corporal, set out over the road for Belle Plaine, the negro driving the old horse as rapidly as he could. The cavalry guard was left to follow with Herold and the other prisoners. After crossing the Rappahannock at Rollins's ferry, Baker traveled on for some distance, expecting every moment to see his guard come up. The road did not seem well traveled, and growing anxious, he began to question the negro.

"Dis am all right, massa," was the response. "Ah done gone been long dis yar road many an' many a time befoh de wah, an' ah'm jesh sure dis am de shortes road to Belle Plaine."

Baker sent his orderly back to inform Doherty what road he had taken, and instructing him to come on at once. But no cavalry appeared. They met few teams, and the road grew wilder and more forbidding. Presently straggling bands of men in Confederate uniform appeared, riding dejectedly southward.

"What have you got there?" one of them called out; "a dead Yank?"

"Yes," Baker replied, laughing.

This seemed to satisfy the questioner, and he passed on with a jest.

It had now grown hot and dusty, and Baker feared that Doherty's men had been attacked and routed and that he might be overtaken at any moment, and Booth's body re-captured. He was unnerved with loss of sleep and hunger, having been nearly three days in the saddle without rest. He was alone in an enemy's country, he had lost his way, and the responsibility he had assumed weighed heavily upon him. The old horse was worn out with the rough journey, and it was difficult to get him up the sand-hills with his load. But Baker dared not stop for rest or food.

On one of the hardest hills the king-bolt of the rickety old wagon gave out with a snap; the front of the box dropped down, and Booth's body lurched heavily forward. The big letters "U. S." on the blanket were wet with the assassin s blood, which had also trickled down over the axle and dribbled for miles along the road. The negro driver crawled under the wagon to repair the break, and some of the blood fell on his hand. He sprang back, shrinking in terror.

"Oh," he groaned. "It will neber, neber wash off. It am de blood ob a murderer."

So horrified was he that he tried to leave his burden, wagon, horse, and all, and escape through the woods, but Baker forced him to continue on the journey. After thirty miles of heat and dust, up hill and down, they crept over the top of a sandy knoll, and Baker saw the blessed blue of the Potomac glimmering through

the trees. It was just twilight, and the tinkle of cow-bells came up drowsily from the river-bank. Booth's body, wrapped in blue, was now gray with dust.

Reaching the water's edge, Baker could find no trace of dock or steamer. Sometime during the war the government had changed the landing from its old location known to the negro, to a point nearly a mile further up the river. They could see the "John S. Ide" lying at the wharf, but they had no boat with which to reach it. To shout might bring the marauding enemy sooner than friends. With the help of the negro, Baker bore the body down to the river and hid it under a clump of willows. Securing a promise from the old driver that he would remain and watch faithfully, Baker started back, a distance of over two miles by the road, never sparing his jaded horse until he reached the tug.* Doherty's command was already there. Baker asked the corporal whom he had sent back why he did not return to him, and he said that Doherty would not allow him to.

A small boat from the tug was lowered, and with two of the crew to row, Baker soon reached the upper landing. The negro was found still on watch, faithful to his trust. The body was placed in the boat, and, a few minutes later, it was hoisted to the deck of the "John S. Ide." Baker saw it properly under guard, and then sank in a stupor of sleep on the deck. Three hours later the "John S. Ide" was met by another tug, having on board Colonel L. C. Baker; General T. T. Eckert, Assistant Secretary of War; Surgeon-General Barnes, and others.

On reaching Washington the body was removed to the gunboat "Saugatuck," which lay at anchor in the navy yard,† and there the autopsy and the inquest were held.‡

Conger had brought the news of the capture to Washington many hours before, and every town in the country was ringing with the tidings. The moment the evidences of Booth's death—the diary, two revolvers, the carbine, the belt, and the compass—were placed in Colonel Baker's hands, he carried them to the office of the Secretary of War.

"I rushed into the room," relates Colonel Baker, "and said, 'We have got Booth.' Secretary Stanton was distinguished during the whole war for his coolness, but I never saw such an exhibition of it in my life as at that time. He put his hands over his eyes and lay for nearly a minute without saying a word. Then he got up, put on his coat, and inquired how the capture had come about."

Immediately on his return Lieutenant Baker was called to the office of Secretary Stanton, where he related the story of the capture. Mr. Stanton had Booth's carbine, and when the narrative was finished, he handed it to Baker with the question,

"Are you accustomed to using a carbine? If so, what is the matter with this one? It cannot be discharged."

Baker examined the weapon, and found that a cartridge had slipped out of position so that when the lever was worked it could not be thrown under the hammer. Perhaps it was for this reason that Booth cast it aside in the barn. It was a part of the ill luck that followed the assassin and every one with whom he came in contact from the moment he fired the fatal shot at President Lincoln.

Late in the afternoon of the second day after Booth's body was brought to Washington (April 28th) Colonel Baker received orders to dispose of the body in the way that seemed best to him, so that Booth's Confederate friends might never get it. Taking Lieutenant Baker with him, he started at once for the navy yard, stopping on the way at the old penitentiary prison. They reached the ironclad on which Booth's body reposed just as twilight was deepening into night. The body was sewn again in its bloody winding-sheet and lowered into a small rowboat. Hundreds of people stood watching on the shore, knowing that it was Booth's body, and determined to ascertain what was to be

* The horse which Lieutenant Baker rode bore the name of "Buckskin." He lived to be twenty-nine years of age, dying in 1887 at Lansing, Michigan. His body was presented to the State, was mounted, and is now on exhibition in the museum of the Michigan Agricultural College, near Lansing.

† This is the order which Secretary Stanton gave Colonel Baker:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *April 26th.*
TO THE COMMANDANT OF THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD:
Let Colonel Baker come into the Navy Yard wharf and alongside the ironclad, to place one or two prisoners on board.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

‡ Secretary Stanton sent the following order to many of his generals immediately on receiving the news of Booth's capture:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY,
April 27, 1865, 10 A.M.
MAJOR-GENERAL HANCOCK, BRYANTOWN, MD.
Booth and Herold were traced by Baker to Garrett's farm three miles from Port Royal yesterday morning. They were secreted in a barn. The barn was fired. Booth, in making his escape, was killed and Herold captured. Booth's body and Herold are now here. They crossed the Potomac Saturday night or Sunday night. Their horses were left in the swamp and should be secured; also all persons who aided their concealment.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

done with it. Colonel Baker had brought with him a heavy ball and chain, which he placed in the boat by the side of the body, making no apparent attempt at secrecy. He and Lieutenant Baker stepped into the little craft, and a few strokes of the oars sent it speeding out on the black Potomac in the gathering darkness. It had passed from lip to lip that the body of Booth was to be sunk in the river, and the crowds followed eagerly along the shore until the little rowboat and its occupants disappeared. It was a moonless, starless night, warm with mid-spring. In the distance blinked the lights of the city, vieing with the near illumination of the river craft. For nearly two miles the boat drifted silently. Its occupants spoke no word; there was not even the creak of an oarlock.

At Geeseborough Point the river widens and its shallows grow rank with rushes and marsh weeds. Here the boat was driven toward shore until its speed was quenched in the mud of a little cove. It was the loneliest of lonely spots on the Potomac—the burial ground of worn-out and condemned government horses and mules—a place dreaded alike by white men and negroes. For a time the two officers listened intently to make sure they were not followed. All was quiet on the Potomac. No sounds reached their ears but the strident croak of bull-frogs and the lapping of the water on the sedgy shore.

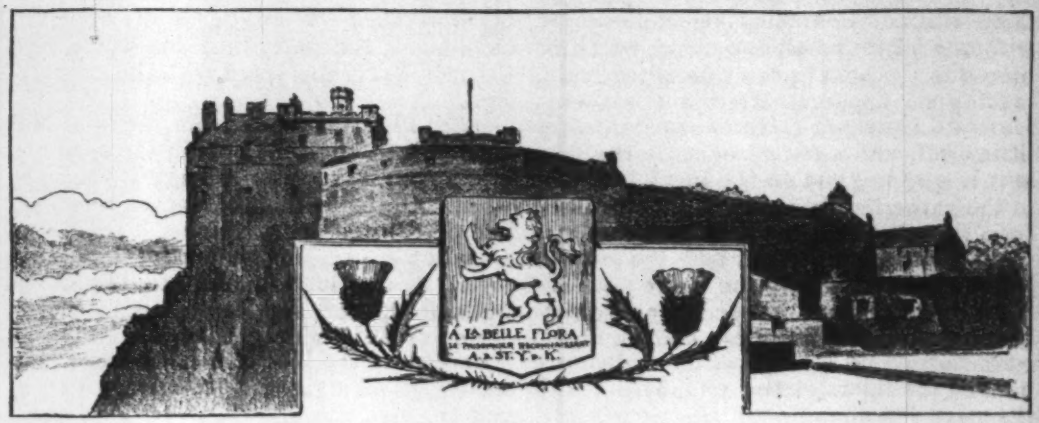
Presently the boat was turned and pulled slowly back toward the city. The utmost caution was observed to make no sound. They dreaded even the lisping of the oars and the faint lapping of the water at the gunwales. Suddenly against the sky loomed the huge black hulk of the old penitentiary. A few more strokes and the boat reached the base of the grim, forbidding wall. Silently they crept along until they came to a hole let into the solid masonry close to the water's edge. An officer who stood just inside of the opening, challenged the party in a low voice, and Colonel Baker answered with the countersign.

They lifted the body from the boat and carried it through the hole in the masonry into a convict's cell. A huge stone slab, worn with the fretting of many a prisoner, had been lifted up, and under it there was a shallow grave, dug only a few hours before. A dim lantern outlined the damp walls of the cell and emphasized the shadows. Just at midnight Booth's body was lowered into the black hole, the stone slab was replaced over the unhonored grave, and the two officers crept back to their boat and returned to Washington.

It was believed that the body had been sunk in the Potomac, and for days the river was dragged by Booth's friends in the hope of finding it. The newspapers gave circumstantial accounts of the watery burial, and "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly" for May 20, 1865, had a full-page illustration showing Colonel Baker and Lieutenant Baker in the act of slipping the body over the edge of the boat into the river. It was entitled "an authentic sketch."

For several years no one but Colonel Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and two or three other officers knew of the disposition of Booth's body. Indeed, there were rumors, widely credited in certain parts of the country, that Booth never had been captured. Later, however, after the heat and excitement of the time had subsided, permission was given for the removal of the remains to Baltimore, where they now rest.

Before the trial of the conspirators was begun, Lieutenant Baker was again sent into lower Maryland to collect evidence against Booth and his accomplices. He was so far successful as to find the boat in which Booth and Herold crossed the Potomac, and also Booth's opera-glass, hidden near Garrett's house, both of which he took with him to Washington.



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be in safer keeping. St. Ives now receives a mysterious visitor, Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de Kéroual. Romaine informs him that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, who has hitherto been regarded as the uncle's heir, is out of favor, and urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit. Romaine also suggests that, in order to make good his flight, after stealing from the prison, he present himself in the guise of his cousin Alain, whom he closely resembles, to one Burchell Fenn, who may be of help; and on leaving, he puts in his hand a purse of money.

CHAPTER V.

ST. IVES IS SHOWN A HOUSE.

THE lawyer was scarce gone before I remembered many omissions; and chief among these, that I had neglected to get Mr. Burchell Fenn's address. Here was an essential point neglected; and I ran to the head of the stairs to find myself already too late. The lawyer was beyond my view; in the archway that led downward to the castle gate, only the red coat and the bright arms of a sentry glittered in the shadow, and I could but return to my place upon the ramparts.

I am not very sure that I was properly entitled to this corner. But I was a high favorite; not an officer, and scarce a private, in the castle would have turned me back, except upon a thing of moment; and whenever I desired to be solitary, I was suffered to sit here behind my piece of cannon unmolested. The cliff went down before me almost sheer, but mantled with a thicket of climbing trees. From farther down, an outwork raised its turret; and across the valley I had a view of that long terrace of Princes Street, which serves as a promenade to the fashionable inhabitants of Edinburgh. A singularity in a military prison, that it should command a view on the chief thoroughfare!

It is not necessary that I should trouble you with the train of my reflections, which turned upon the interview I had just concluded and the hopes that were now opening before me. What is more essential, my eye (even while I thought) kept following the movement of the passengers on Princes Street, as they passed briskly to and fro—met, greeted, and bowed to each other—or entered and left the shops, which are in that quarter, and for a town of the

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Britannic provinces, particularly fine. My mind being busy upon other things, the course of my eye was the more random; and it chanced that I followed, for some time, the advance of a young gentleman with a red head and a white great-coat, for whom I cared nothing at the moment, and of whom it is probable I shall be gathered to my fathers without learning more. He seemed to have a large acquaintance; his hat was forever in his hand; and I daresay I had already observed him exchanging compliments with half a dozen, when he drew up at last before a young man and a young lady whose tall persons and gallant carriage I thought I recognized.

It was impossible at such a distance that I could be sure, but the thought was sufficient, and I craned out of the embrasure to follow them as long as possible. To think that such emotions, that such a concussion of the blood, may have been inspired by a chance resemblance, and that I may have stood and thrilled there for a total stranger! This distant view, at least, whether of Flora or of some one else, changed in a moment the course of my reflections. It was all very well, and it was highly needful, I should see my uncle; but an uncle, a great-uncle at that, and one whom I had never seen, leaves the imagination cold; and if I were to leave the castle, I might never again have the opportunity of finding Flora. The little impression I had made, even supposing I had made any, how soon it would die out! How soon I should sink to be a phantom memory, with which (in after days) she might amuse a husband and children! No, the impression must be clenched, the wax impressed with the seal, ere I left Edinburgh. And at this the two interests that were now contending in my bosom came together and became one. I wished to see Flora again; and I wished some one to further me in my flight and to get me new clothes. The conclusion was apparent. Except for persons in the garrison itself, with whom it was a point of honor and military duty to retain me captive, I knew, in the whole country of Scotland, these two alone. If it were to be done at all, they must be my helpers. To tell them of my designed escape while I was still in bonds, would be to lay before them a most difficult choice. What they might do in such a case, I could not in the least be sure of, for (the same case arising) I was far from sure what I should do myself. It was plain I must escape first. When the harm was done, when I was no more than a poor wayside fugitive, I might apply to them with less offence and more security. To this end it became necessary that I should find out where they lived and how to reach it; and feeling a strong confidence that they would soon return to visit me, I prepared a series of baits with which to angle for my information. It will be seen the first was good enough.

Perhaps two days after, Master Ronald put in an appearance by himself. I had no hold upon the boy, and pretermitted my design till I should have laid court to him and engaged his interest. He was prodigiously embarrassed, not having previously addressed me otherwise than by a bow and blushes; and he advanced to me with an air of one stubbornly performing a duty, like a raw soldier under fire. I laid down my carving; greeted him with a good deal of formality, such as I thought he would enjoy; and finding him to remain silent, branched off into narratives of my campaigns such as Goguelat himself might have scrupled to endorse. He visibly thawed and brightened; drew more near to where I sat; forgot his timidity so far as to put many questions; and at last, with another blush, informed me he was himself expecting a commission.

"Well," said I, "they are fine troops, your British troops in the Peninsula. A young gentleman of spirit may well be proud to be engaged at the head of such soldiers."

"I know that," he said; "I think of nothing else. I think shame to be dangling here at home and going through with this foolery of education, while others no older than myself are in the field."

"I cannot blame you," said I. "I have felt the same myself."

"There are—there are no troops, are there, quite so good as ours?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "there is a point about them: they have a defect,—they are not to be trusted in a retreat. I have seen them behave very ill in a retreat."

"I believe that is our national character," he said—God forgive him!—with an air of pride.

"I have seen your national character running away at least, and had the honor to run after it!" rose to my lips, but I was not so ill advised as to give it utterance. Every one should be flattered, but boys and women without stint; and I put in the rest of the afternoon narrating to him tales of British heroism, for which I should not like to engage that they were all true.

"I am quite surprised," he said at last. "People tell you the French are insincere. Now, I think your sincerity is beautiful. I think you have a noble character. I admire you very much. I am very grateful for your kindness to—to one so young," and he offered me his hand.

"I shall see you again soon?" said I.

"Oh, now! Yes, very soon," said he. "I—I wish to tell you. I would not let Flora—Miss Gilchrist, I mean—come today. I wished to see more of you myself. I trust you are not offended: you know, one should be careful about strangers."

I approved his caution, and he took himself away: leaving me in a mixture of contrarious feelings, part ashamed to have played on one so gullible, part raging that I should have burned so much incense before the vanity of England; yet, in the bottom of my soul, delighted to think I had made a friend—or, at least, begun to make a friend—of Flora's brother.

As I had half expected, both made their appearance the next day. I struck so fine a shade betwixt the pride that is allowed to soldiers and the sorrowful humility that befits a captive, that I declare, as I went to meet them, I might have afforded a subject for a painter. So much was high comedy, I must confess; but so soon as my eyes lighted on her dark face and eloquent eyes, the blood leaped into my cheeks—and that was nature! I thanked them, but not the least with exultation; it was my cue to be mournful, and to take the pair of them as one.

"I have been thinking," I said, "you have been so good to me, both of you, stranger and prisoner as I am, that I have been thinking how I could testify to my gratitude. It may seem a strange subject for a confidence, but there is actually no one here, even of my comrades, that knows me by my name and title. By these I am called plain Champdivers, a name to which I have a right, but not the name which I should bear, and which (but a little while ago) I must hide like a crime. Miss Flora, suffer me to present to you the Vicomte Anne de Këroual de Saint-Yves, private soldier."

"I knew it!" cried the boy; "I knew he was a noble!"

And I thought the eyes of Miss Flora said the same, but more persuasively. All through this interview she kept them on the ground, or only gave them to me for a moment at a time, and with a serious sweetness.

"You may conceive, my friends, that this is rather a painful confession," I continued. "To stand here before you, vanquished, a prisoner in a fortress, and take my own name upon my lips, is painful to the proud. And yet I wished that you should know me. Long after this, we may yet hear of one another—perhaps Mr. Gilchrist and myself in the field and from opposing camps—and it would be a pity if we heard and did not recognize."

They were both moved; and began at once to press upon me offers of service, such as to lend me books, get me tobacco if I used it, and the like. This would have been all mighty welcome, before the tunnel was ready. Now it signified no more to me than to offer the transition I required.

"My dear friends," I said—"for you must allow me to call you that, who have no others within so many hundred leagues—perhaps you will think me fanciful and sentimental; and perhaps indeed I am; but there is one service that I would beg of you before all others. You see me set here on the top of this rock in the midst of your city. Even with what liberty I have, I have the opportunity to see a myriad roofs, and I dare to say thirty leagues of sea and land. All this hostile! Under all these roofs my enemies dwell; wherever I see the smoke of a house rising, I must tell myself that some one sits before the chimney and reads with joy of our reverses. Pardon me, dear friends, I know that you must do the same, and I do not grudge at it! With you, it is all different. Show me your house, then, were it only the chimney, or, if it be not visible, the quarter of the town in which it lies! So, when I look about me, I shall be able to say: '*There is one house in which I am not quite unkindly thought of.*'"

Flora stood a moment.

"It is a pretty thought," said she, "and as far as regards Ronald and myself, a true one. Come, I believe I can show you the very smoke out of our chimney."

So saying, she carried me round the battlements towards the opposite or southern side of the fortress, and indeed to a bastion almost immediately overlooking the place of our projected flight. Thence we had a view of some foreshortened suburbs at our feet, and beyond of a green, open, and irregular country rising towards the Pentland Hills. The face of one of these summits (say two leagues from where we stood) is marked with a proces-

sion of white scars. And to this she directed my attention.

"You see these marks?" she said. "We call them the Seven Sisters. Follow a little lower with your eye, and you will see a fold of the hill, the tops of some trees, and a tail of smoke out of the midst of them. That is Swanston Cottage, where my brother and I are living with my aunt. If it gives you pleasure to see it, I am glad. We, too, can see the castle from a corner in the garden, and we go there in the morning often—do we not, Ronald?—and we think of you, M. de St.-Yves; but I am afraid it does not altogether make us glad."

"Mademoiselle!" said I, and indeed my voice was scarce under command, "if you knew how your generous words—how even the sight of you—relieved the horrors of this place, I believe, I hope, I know, you would be glad. I will come here daily and look at that dear chimney and these green hills, and bless you from the heart, and dedicate to you the prayers of this poor sinner. Ah! I do not say they can avail!"

"Who can say that, M. de St.-Yves?" she said, softly. "But I think it is time we should be going."

"High time," said Ronald, whom (to say the truth) I had a little forgotten.

On the way back, as I was laying myself out to recover lost ground with the youth, and to obliterate, if possible, the memory of my last and somewhat too fervent speech, who should come past us but the major? I had to stand aside and salute as he went by, but his eyes appeared entirely occupied with Flora.

"Who is that man?" she asked.

"He is a friend of mine," said I. "I give him lessons in French, and he has been very kind to me."

"He stared," she said,—"I do not say, rudely; but why should he stare?"

"If you do not wish to be stared at, mademoiselle, suffer me to recommend a veil," said I.

She looked at me with what seemed anger. "I tell you the man stared," she said.

And Ronald added: "Oh, I don't think he meant any harm. I suppose he was just surprised to see us walking about with a pr— with M. de St.-Yves."

But the next morning, when I went to Chevenix's rooms, and after I had dutifully corrected his exercise, "I compliment you on your taste," said he to me.

"I beg your pardon?" said I.

"Oh, no, I beg yours," said he. "You understand me perfectly, just as I do you."

I murmured something about enigmas.

"Well, shall I give you the key to the enigma?" said he, leaning back. "That was the young lady whom Goguelat insulted and whom you avenged. I do not blame you. She is a heavenly creature."

"With all my heart, to the last of it," said I. "And to the first also, if it amuses you! You are become so very acute of late that I suppose you must have your own way."

"What is her name?" he asked.

"Now, really!" said I. "Do you think it likely she has told me?"

"I think it certain," said he.

I could not restrain my laughter. "Well, then, do you think it likely I would tell you?" I cried.

"Not a bit," said he. "But come, to our lesson."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE.

THE time for our escape drew near, and the nearer it came the less we seemed to enjoy the prospect. There is but one side on which this castle can be left either with dignity or safety; but as there is the main gate and guard, and the chief street of the upper city, it is not to be thought of by escaping prisoners. In all other directions an abominable precipice surrounds it, down the face of which (if anywhere at all) we must regain our liberty. By our concurrent labors in many a dark night, working with the most anxious precautions against noise, we had made out to pierce below the curtain about the southwest corner, in a place they call the "Devil's Elbow." I have never met that celebrity; nor (if the rest of him at all comes up to what they call his elbow) have I the least desire of his acquaintance. From the heel of the masonry, the rascally, breakneck precipice descended sheer among waste lands, scattered suburbs of the city, and houses in the building. I had never the heart to look for any length of time—the thought that I must make the descent in person some fine night robbing me of breath; and, indeed, on anybody not a seaman or a steeplejack, the mere sight of the Devil's Elbow wrought like an emetic.

I don't know where the rope was got, and doubt if I much cared. It was not that which gravelled me, but whether, now

that we had it, it would serve our turn. Its length, indeed, we made a shift to fathom out; but who was to tell us how that length compared with the way we had to go? Day after day, there would be always some of us stolen out to the Devil's Elbow and making estimates of the descent, whether by a bare guess or the dropping of stones. A private of pioneers remembered the formula for that—or else remembered part of it and obligingly invented the remainder. I had never any real confidence in that formula; and even had we got it from a book, there were difficulties in the way of the application that might have daunted Archimedes. We durst not drop any considerable pebble lest the sentinels should hear, and those that we dropped we could not hear ourselves. We had never a watch —or none that had a second hand; and though every one of us could guess a second to a nicety, all somehow guessed it different. In short, if any two set forth upon this enterprise, they invariably returned with two opinions, and often with a black eye in the bargain. I looked on upon these proceedings, although not without laughter, yet with impatience and disgust. I am one that cannot bear to see things botched or gone upon with ignorance; and the thought that some poor devil was to hazard his bones upon such premises, revolted me. Had I guessed the name of that unhappy first adventurer, my sentiments might have been livelier still.

The designation of this personage was indeed all that remained for us to do; and even in that we had advanced so far that the lot had fallen on Shed B. It had been determined to mingle the bitter and the sweet; and whoever went down first, the whole of his shed-mates were to follow next in order. This caused a good deal of joy in Shed B, and would have caused more if it had not still remained to choose our pioneer. In view of the ambiguity in which we lay as to the length of the rope and the height of the precipice—and that this gentleman was to climb down from fifty to seventy fathoms on a pitchy night, on a rope entirely free, and with not so much as an infant child to steady it at the bottom, a little backwardness was perhaps excusable. But it was, in our case, more than a little. The truth is, we were all womanish fellows about a height; and I have myself been put, more than once, *hors de combat* by a less affair than the rock of Edinburgh Castle.

We discussed it in the dark and between the passage of the rounds; and it was impossible for any body of men to show a less adventurous spirit. I am sure some of us, and myself first among the number, regretted Goguelat. Some were persuaded it was safe, and could prove the same by argument; but if they had good reasons why some one else should make the trial, they had better still why it should not be themselves. Others, again, condemned the whole idea as insane; among these, as ill-luck would have it, a seaman of the fleet, who was the most disspiriting of all. The height, he reminded us, was greater than the tallest ship's mast, the rope entirely free; and he as good as defied the boldest and strongest to succeed. We were relieved from this deadlock by our sergeant-major of dragoons.

"Comrades," said he, "I believe I rank you all; and for that reason, if you really wish it, I will be the first myself. At the same time, you are to consider what the chances are that I may prove to be the last, as well. I am no longer young—I was sixty near a month ago. Since I have been a prisoner, I have made for myself a little *bédaine*. My arms are all gone to fat. And you must promise not to blame me, if I fall and play the devil with the whole thing."

"We cannot hear of such a thing!" said I. "M. Laclas is the oldest man here; and, as such, he should be the very last to offer. It is plain, we must draw lots."

"No," said M. Laclas; "you put something else in my head. There is one here who owes a pretty candle to the others, for they have kept his secret. Besides, the rest of us are only rabble; and he is another affair altogether. Let Champdivers —let the noble go the first."

I confess there was a notable pause before the noble in question got his voice. But there was no room for choice. I had been so ill-advised, when I first joined the regiment, as to take ground on my nobility. I had been often rallied on the matter in the ranks, and had passed under the by-names of "Monseigneur" and the "Marquis." It was now needful I should justify myself and take a fair revenge.

Any little hesitation I may have felt passed entirely unnoticed, from the lucky incident of a round happening at that moment to go by. And during the interval of silence there occurred something that sent my blood to the boil. There was a private in our shed called Clausel, a man of a very ugly disposition. He had made one of the followers of Goguelat; but,

whereas Goguelat had always a kind of monstrous gaiety about him, Clausel was no less morose than he was evil-minded. He was sometimes called "the General," and sometimes by a name too ill-mannered for repetition. As we all sat listening, this man's hand was laid on my shoulder, and his voice whispered in my ear, "If you don't go I'll have you hanged, Marquis!"

As soon as the round was past, "Certainly, gentlemen!" said I. "I will give you a lead, with all the pleasure in the world. But, first of all, there is a hound here to be punished. M. Clausel has just insulted me, and dishonored the French army; and I demand that he run the gauntlet of this shed."

There was but one voice asking what he had done, and, as soon as I had told them, but one voice agreeing to the punishment. The General was, in consequence, extremely roughly handled, and the next day was congratulated by all who saw him on his *new decorations*. It was lucky for us that he was one of the prime movers and believers in our project of escape, or he had certainly revenged himself by a denunciation. As for his feelings towards myself, they appeared, by his looks, to surpass humanity; and I made up my mind to give him a wide berth in the future.

Had I been to go down at that instant, I believe I could have carried it well. But it was already too late—the day was at hand. The rest had still to be summoned. Nor was this the extent of my misfortune; for the next night, and the night after, were adorned with a perfect galaxy of stars, and showed every cat that stirred in a quarter of a mile. During this interval, I have to direct your sympathies on the Vicomte de St.-Yves! All addressed me softly, like folk round a sick-bed. Our Italian corporal, who had got a dozen of oysters from a fishwife, laid them at my feet, as though I were a pagan idol; and I have never since been wholly at my ease in the society of shellfish. He who was the best of our carvers brought me a snuff-box, which he had just completed, and which, while it was yet in hand, he had often declared he would not part with under fifteen dollars. I believe the piece was worth the money, too. And yet the voice stuck in my throat with which I must thank him. I found myself, in a word, to be fed up like a prisoner in a camp of anthropophagi, and honored like the sacrificial bull. And what with these annoyances, and the risky venture immediately ahead, I found my part a trying one to play.

It was a good deal of a relief when the third evening closed about the castle with volumes of sea-fog. The lights of Princes Street sometimes disappeared, sometimes blinked across at us no brighter than the eyes of cats; and five steps from one of the lanterns on the ramparts it was already groping dark. We made haste to lie down. Had our jailors been upon the watch, they must have observed our conversation to die out unusually soon. Yet I doubt if any of us slept. Each lay in his place, tortured at once with the hope of liberty and the fear of a hateful death. The guard call sounded; the hum of the town declined by little and little. On all sides of us, in their different quarters, we could hear the watchmen cry the hours along the street. Often enough, during my stay in England, have I listened to these gruff or broken voices; or, perhaps, gone to my window, when I lay sleepless, and watched the old gentleman cripple by upon the causeway with his cape and his cap, his hanger and his rattle. It was ever a thought with me how differently that cry would reëcho in the chamber of lovers, beside the bed of death, or in the condemned cell. I might be said to hear it that night myself in the condemned cell! At length a fellow with a voice like a bull's began to roar out in the opposite thoroughfare:

"Past yin o'cloak, and a dark, haary moarnin'."

At which we were all silently afoot.

As I stole about the battlements towards the—gallows, I was about to write—the sergeant-major, perhaps doubtful of my resolution, kept close by me, and occasionally proffered the most indigestible reassurances in my ear. At last I could bear them no longer.

"Be so obliging as to let me be!" said I. "I am neither a coward nor a fool. What do *you* know of whether the rope be long enough? But I shall know it in ten minutes!"

The good old fellow laughed in his moustache, and patted me.

It was all very well to show the disposition of my temper before a friend alone; before my assembled comrades the thing had to go handsomely. It was then my time to come on the stage; and I hope I took it handsomely.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "if the rope is ready, here is the criminal!"

The tunnel was cleared, the stake driven, the rope extended. As I moved forward to the place, many of my comrades caught

me by the hand and wrung it, an attention I could well have done without.

"Keep an eye on Clausel!" I whispered to Laclas; and with that, got down on my elbows and knees, took the rope in both hands, and worked myself, feet foremost, through the tunnel. When the earth failed under my feet, I thought my heart would have stopped; and a moment after I was demeaning myself in mid-air like a drunken jumping-jack. I have never been a model of piety, but at this juncture prayers and a cold sweat burst from me simultaneously.

The line was knotted at intervals of eighteen inches; and to the inexpert it may seem as if it should have been even easy to descend. The trouble was, this devil of a piece of rope appeared to be inspired, not with life alone, but with a personal malignity against myself. It turned to the one side, paused for a moment, and then spun me like a toasting-jack to the other; slipped like an eel from the clasp of my feet; kept me all the time in the most outrageous fury of exertion; and dashed me at intervals against the face of the rock. I had no eyes to see with; and I doubt if there was anything to see but darkness. I must occasionally have caught a gasp of breath, but it was quite unconscious. And the whole forces of my mind were so consumed with losing hold and getting it again, that I could scarce have told whether I was going up or coming down.

Of a sudden I knocked against the cliff with such a thump as almost bereft me of my sense; and, as reason twinkled back, I was amazed to find that I was in a state of rest, that the face of the precipice here inclined outwards at an angle which relieved me almost wholly of the burthen of my own weight, and that one of my feet was safely planted on a ledge. I drew one of the sweetest breaths in my experience, hugged myself against the rope, and closed my eyes in a kind of ecstasy of relief. It occurred to me next to see how far I was advanced on my unlucky journey, a point on which I had not a shadow of a guess. I looked up: there was nothing above me but the blackness of the night and the fog. I craned timidly forward and looked down. There, upon a floor of darkness, I beheld a certain pattern of hazy lights, some of them aligned as in thoroughfares, others standing apart as in solitary houses; and before I could well realize it, or had in the least estimated my distance, a wave of nausea and vertigo warned me to lie back and close my eyes. In this situation I had really but the one wish, and that was something else to think of! Strange to say, I got it: a veil was torn from my mind, and I saw what a fool I was—what fools we had all been—and that I had no business to be thus dangling between earth and heaven by my arms. The only thing to have done was to have attached me to a rope and lowered me, and I had never the wit to see it till that moment!

I filled my lungs, got a good hold on my rope, and once more launched myself on the descent. As it chanced, the worst of the danger was at an end, and I was so fortunate as to be never again exposed to any violent concussion. Soon after I must have passed within a little distance of a bush of wallflower, for the scent of it came over me with that impression of reality which characterizes scents in darkness. This made me a second landmark, the ledge being my first. I began accordingly to compute intervals of time: so much to the ledge, so much again to the wallflower, so much more below. If I were not at the bottom of the rock, I calculated I must be near indeed to the end of the rope, and there was no doubt that I was not far from the end of my own resources. I began to be light-headed and to be tempted to let go,—now arguing that I was certainly arrived within a few feet of the level and could safely risk a fall; anon persuaded I was still close at the top and it was idle to continue longer on the rock. In the midst of which I came to a bearing on plain ground, and had nearly wept aloud. My hands were as good as flayed, my courage entirely exhausted, and what with the long strain and the sudden relief, my limbs shook under me with more than the violence of ague, and I was glad to cling to the rope.

But this was no time to give way. I had (by God's single mercy) got myself alive out of that fortress; and now I had to try to get the others, my comrades. There was about a fathom of rope to spare; I got it by the end, and searched the whole ground thoroughly for anything to make it fast to. In vain: the ground was broken and stony, but there grew not there so much as a bush of furze.

"Now then," thought I to myself, "here begins a new lesson, and I believe it will prove richer than the first. I am not strong enough to keep this rope extended. If I do not keep it extended the next man will be dashed against the precipice. There is no reason why he should have my extravagant good luck. I see no reason why he

should not fall—nor any place for him to fall on but my head."

From where I was now standing there was occasionally visible, as the fog lightened, a lamp in one of the barrack windows, which gave me a measure of the height he had to fall and the horrid force that he must strike me with. What was yet worse, we had agreed to do without signals: every so many minutes by Laclas's watch another man was to be started from the battlements. Now, I had seemed to myself to be about half an hour in my descent, and it seemed near as long again that I waited, straining on the rope, for my next comrade to begin. I began to be afraid that our conspiracy was out, that my friends were all secured, and that I should pass the remainder of the night, and be discovered in the morning, vainly clinging to the rope's end like a hooked fish upon an angle. I could not refrain, at this ridiculous image, from a chuckle of laughter. And the next moment I knew, by the jerking of the rope, that my friend had crawled out of the tunnel and was fairly launched on his descent. It appears it was the sailor who had insisted on succeeding me. As soon as my continued silence had assured him the rope was long enough, Gautier, for that was his name, had forgot his former arguments, and had shown himself so extremely forward, that Laclas had given way. It was like the fellow, who had no harm in him beyond an instinctive selfishness. But he was like to have paid pretty dearly for the privilege. Do as I would, I could not keep the rope as I could have wished it; and he ended at last by falling on me from a height of several yards, so that we both rolled together on the ground. As soon as he could breathe, he cursed me beyond relief, wept over his finger, which he had broken, and cursed me again. I bade him to be still and think shame to himself to be so great a cry-baby. Did he not hear the round going by above? I asked; and who could tell but what the noise of his fall was already remarked and the sentinels at the very moment leaning upon the battlements to listen?

The round, however, went by, and nothing was discovered; the third man came to the ground quite easily; the fourth was, of course, child's play; and before there were ten of us collected, it seemed to me that without the least injustice to my comrades, I might proceed to take care of myself.

I knew their plan: they had a map and an almanac, and designed for Grangemouth, where they were to steal a ship. Suppose them to do so, I had no idea they were qualified to manage it after it was stolen. Their whole escape, indeed, was the most haphazard thing imaginable; only the impatience of captives and the ignorance of private soldiers would have entertained so misbegotten a device; and though I played the good comrade and worked with them upon the tunnel, but for the lawyer's message, I should have let them go without me. Well, now they were beyond my help, as they had always been beyond my counselling; and without word said or leave taken, I stole out of the little crowd. It is true I would rather have waited to shake hands with Laclas, but in the last man who descended I thought I recognized Clausel, and since the scene in the shed, my distrust of Clausel was perfect. I believed the man to be capable of any infamy, and events have since shown that I was right.

CHAPTER VII.

SWANSTON COTTAGE.

I HAD two views. The first was, naturally, to get clear of Edinburgh Castle and the town, to say nothing of my fellow-prisoners; the second to work to the southward so long as it was night, and be near Swanston Cottage by morning. What I should do there and then, I had no guess, and did not greatly care, being a devotee of a couple of divinities called Chance and Circumstance. Prepare, if possible; where it is impossible, work straight forward, and keep your eyes open and your tongue oiled. Wit and a good exterior—there is all life in a nutshell.

I had at first a rather chequered journey: got involved in gardens, butted into houses, and had once even the misfortune to awake a sleeping family, the father of which, as I suppose, menaced me from the window with a blunderbuss. Altogether, though I had been some time gone from my companions, I was still at no great distance when a miserable accident put a period to the escape. Of a sudden the night was divided by a scream. This was followed by the sound of something falling, and that again by the report of a musket from the castle battlements. It was strange to hear the alarm spread through the city. In the fortress drums were beat and a bell rung backward. On all hands the watch-

men sprang their rattles. Even in that limbo or no man's land where I was wandering, lights were made in the houses; sashes were flung up; I could hear neighboring families converse from window to window, and at length I was challenged myself.

"Wha's that?" cried a big voice.

I could see it proceeded from a big man in a big nightcap, leaning from a one-pair window; and as I was not yet abreast of his house, I judged it was more wise to answer. This was not the first time I had had to stake my fortunes on the goodness of my accent in a foreign tongue; and I have always found the moment inspiriting, as a gambler should. Pulling around me a sort of great-coat I had made of my blanket, to cover my sulphur-covered livery,—"A friend!" said I.

"What like's all this collieshangie?" said he.

I had never heard of a collieshangie in my days, but with the racket all about us in the city, I could have no doubt as to the man's meaning.

"I do not know, sir, really," said I; "but I suppose some of the prisoners will have escaped."

"Bedamned!" says he.

"Oh, sir, they will be soon taken," I replied; "it has been found in time. Good morning, sir!"

"Ye walk late, sir?" he added.

"Oh, surely not," said I, with a laugh. "Earlyish, if you like!" which brought me finally beyond him, highly pleased with my success.

I was now come forth on a good thoroughfare, which led (as well as I could judge) in my direction. It brought me almost immediately through a piece of street, whence I could hear close by the springing of a watchman's rattle, and where I suppose a sixth part of the windows would be open, and the people, in all sorts of night gear, talking with a kind of tragic gusto from one to another. Here, again, I must run the gauntlet of a half-dozen questions, the rattle all the while sounding nearer; but as I was not walking inordinately quick, as I spoke like a gentleman, and the lamps were too dim to show my dress, I carried it off once more. One person, indeed, inquired where I was off to at that hour!

I replied vaguely and cheerfully, and as I escaped at one end of this dangerous pass I could see the watchman's lantern entering by the other. I was now safe on a dark country highway, out of sight of lights and out of the fear of watchmen. And yet I had not gone above a hundred yards before a fellow made an ugly rush at me from the roadside. I avoided him with a leap and stood on guard, cursing my empty hands, wondering whether I had to do with an officer or a mere footpad, and scarce knowing which to wish. My assailant stood a little; in the thick darkness I could see him bob and sidle as though he were feinting at me for an advantageous onfall. Then he spoke.

"My goo' frien'," says he, and at the first word I pricked my ears, "my goo' frien', will you oblishe me with lil neshary infamation? Whish roa' t' Cramond?"

I laughed out clear and loud, stepped up to the convivialist, took him by the shoulders, and faced him about. "My good friend," said I, "I believe I know what is best for you much better than yourself, and may God forgive you the fright you have given me! There, get you gone to Edinburgh!" And I gave him a shove, which he obeyed with the passive agility of a ball, and disappeared incontinently in the darkness, down the road by which I had myself come.

Once clear of this foolish fellow, I went on again, up a gradual hill, descended on the other side through the houses of a country village, and came at last to the bottom of the main ascent leading to the Pentlands and my destination. I was some way up when the fog began to lighten; a little farther, and I stepped by degrees into a clear starry night, and saw in front of me, and quite distinct, the summits of the Pentlands, and behind, the valley of the Forth and the city of my late captivity buried under a lake of vapor. I had but one encounter—that of a farm-cart, which I heard, from a great way ahead of me, creaking nearer in the night, and which passed me about the point of dawn like a thing seen in a dream, with two silent figures in the inside nodding to the horse's steps. I presume they were asleep; by the shawl about her head and shoulders, one of them should be a woman. Soon, by concurrent steps, the day began to break and the fog to subside and roll away. The east grew luminous and was barred with chilly colours, and the castle on its rock, and the spires and chimneys of the upper town, took gradual shape, and arose, like islands, out of the receding cloud. All about me was still and sylvan; the road mounting and winding, with nowhere a sign of any passenger, the birds chirping, I suppose for warmth,

the boughs of the trees knocking together, and the red leaves falling in the wind.

It was broad day, but still bitter cold and the sun not up, when I came in view of my destination. A single gable and chimney of the cottage peeped over the shoulder of the hill; not far off, and a trifle higher on the mountain, a tall old whitewashed farmhouse stood among trees, beside a falling brook; beyond were rough hills of pasture. I bethought me that shepherd folk were early risers, and if I were once seen skulking in that neighborhood it might prove the ruin of my prospects; took advantage of a line of hedge, and worked myself up in its shadow till I was come under the garden wall of my friend's house. The cottage was a little quaint place of many rough-cast gables and gray roofs. It had something the air of a rambling infinitesimal cathedral, the body of it rising in the midst two stories high, with a steep-pitched roof, and sending out upon all hands (as it were chapter-houses, chapels, and transepts) one-storied and dwarfish projections. To add to this appearance, it was grotesquely decorated with crockets and gargoyles, ravished from some mediæval church. The place seemed hidden away, being not only concealed in the trees of the garden, but, on the side on which I approached it, buried as high as the eaves by the rising of the ground. About the walls of the garden there went a line of well-grown elms and beeches, the first entirely bare, the last still pretty well covered with red leaves, and the centre was occupied with a thicket of laurel and holly, in which I could see arches cut and paths winding.

I was now within hail of my friends, and not much the better. The house appeared asleep; yet if I attempted to wake any one, I had no guarantee it might not prove either the aunt with the gold eyeglasses (whom I could only remember with trembling), or some ass of a servant-maid who should burst out screaming at sight of me. Higher up I could hear and see a shepherd shouting to his dogs and striding on the rough sides of the mountain, and it was clear I must get to cover without loss of time. No doubt the holly thickets would have proved a very suitable retreat, but there was mounted on the wall a sort of signboard not uncommon in the country of Great Britain, and very damping to the adventurous. SPRING GUNS AND MAN-TRAPS was the legend that it bore. I have learned since that these advertisements, three times out of four, were in the nature of Quaker guns on a disarmed battery, but I had not learned it then, and even so, the odds would not have been good enough. For a choice, I would a hundred times sooner be returned to Edinburgh Castle and my corner in the bastion, than to leave my foot in a steel trap or have to digest the contents of an automatic blunderbuss. There was but one chance left—that Ronald or Flora might be the first to come abroad; and in order to profit by this chance if it occurred, I got me on the cope of the wall in a place where it was screened by the thick branches of a beech, and sat there waiting.

As the day wore on, the sun came very pleasantly out. I had been awake all night. I had undergone the most violent agitations of mind and body, and it is not so much to be wondered at, as it was exceedingly unwise and foolhardy, that I should have dropped into a doze. From this I awakened to the characteristic sound of digging, looked down, and saw immediately below me the back view of a gardener in a stable waistcoat. Now he would appear steadily immersed in his business; anon, to my more immediate terror, he would straighten his back, stretch his arms, gaze about the otherwise deserted garden, and relish a deep pinch of snuff. It was my first thought to drop from the wall upon the other side. A glance sufficed to show me that even the way by which I had come was now cut off and the field behind me already occupied by a couple of shepherds' assistants and a score or two of sheep. I have named the talismans on which I habitually depend, but here was a conjuncture in which both were wholly useless. The copestone of a wall arrayed with broken bottles is no favorable rostrum; and I might be as eloquent as Pitt, and as fascinating as Richelieu, and neither the gardener nor the shepherd lads would care a halfpenny. In short, there was no escape possible from my absurd position: there I must continue to sit until one or other of my neighbors should raise his eyes and give the signal for my capture.

The part of the wall on which (for my sins) I was posted could be scarce less than twelve feet high on the inside; the leaves of the beech which made a fashion of sheltering me were already partly fallen; and I was thus not only perilously exposed myself, but enabled to command some part of the garden walks and (under an evergreen arch) the front lawn and windows of the cottage. For long nothing stirred except my friend with the spade;

then I heard the opening of a sash; and presently after saw Miss Flora appear in a morning wrapper and come strolling hitherward between the borders, pausing and visiting her flowers—herself as fair. *There* was a friend; *here*, immediately beneath me, an unknown quantity—the gardener: how to communicate with the one and not attract the notice of the other? To make a noise was out of the question; I dared scarce to breathe. I held myself ready to make a gesture as soon as she should look, and she looked in every possible direction but the one. She was interested in the vilest tuft of chickweed, she gazed at the summit of the mountain, she came even immediately below me and conversed on the most fastidious topics with the gardener; but to the top of that wall she would not dedicate a glance! At last she began to retrace her steps in the direction of the cottage; whereupon, becoming quite desperate, I broke off a piece of plaster, took a happy aim, and hit her with it in the nape of the neck. She clapped her hand to the place, turned about, looked on all sides for an explanation, and spying me (as indeed I was parting the branches to make it the more easy), half uttered and half swallowed down again a cry of surprise.

The infernal gardener was erect upon the instant. "What's your wull, miss?" said he.

Her readiness amazed me. She had already turned and was gazing in the opposite direction. "There's a child among the artichokes," she said.

"The plagues of Egyp'! *I'll* see to them!" cried the gardener truculently, and with a hurried waddle disappeared among the evergreens.

That moment she turned, she came running towards me, her arms stretched out, her face incarnadined for the one moment with heavenly blushes, the next pale as death. "Monsieur de St-Yves!" she said.

"My dear young lady," I said, "this is the greatest liberty—I know it! But what else was I to do?"

"You have escaped?" said she.

"If you call this escape," I replied.

"But you cannot possibly stop there!" she cried.

"I know it," said I. "And where am I to go?"

She struck her hands together. "I have it," she exclaimed. "Come down by the beech trunk—you must leave no footprint in the border—quickly, before Robie can get back! I am the hen-wife here: I keep the key; you must go into the hen-house—for the moment."

I was by her side at once. Both cast a hasty glance at the blank windows of the cottage and so much as was visible of the garden alleys; it seemed there was none to observe us. She caught me by the sleeve and ran. It was no time for compliments; hurry breathed upon our necks; and I ran along with her to the next corner of the garden, where a wired court and a board hovel standing in a grove of trees advertised my place of refuge. She thrust me in without a word; the bulk of the fowls were at the same time emitted; and I found myself the next moment locked in alone with half a dozen setting hens. In the twilight of the place all fixed their eyes on me severely, and seemed to upbraid me with some crying impropriety. Doubtless the hen has always a puritanic appearance, although (in its own behaviour) I could never observe it to be more particular than its neighbors. But conceive a British hen!

(To be continued.)

"THE DOUBLE DOORS SAGGED TOWARD ME LIKE THE HEAD-GATE OF A GREAT RESERVOIR THAT IS OVERCHARGED, AND THEN I HIT 'EM."

A LOCOMOTIVE AS A WAR CHARIOT.

A TRUE WAR STORY.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

"SMOKY HILL was the end of the track at that time," said the old engineer, shifting his lame foot to an easy position. "We had built a roundhouse —a square one—with only two stalls, and room at the back for three or four bunks and a work-bench. To protect ourselves against the Sioux we had lined, or wainscoted, the house up to about five feet from the ground and filled in behind the lining with sand.

"Indians were thicker than grasshoppers in Kansas in the days of the building of the Kansas Pacific, and scarcely a day —never a week—went by without a fight. At first they appeared to be awed by the locomotives, but in a littie while their superstitious fear had vanished, and they were constantly setting lures to capture the 'big hoss,' as they called the engine. One day we were out at the front with a train of steel, some eight or ten miles west of the Hill. It had been snowing all day in little fits and spits, and near nightfall the clouds became thicker and darker, and before the sun had gone down the snow was falling fast. By the time the last rail had been unloaded it was pitch dark, and as the engine was headed west, we were obliged to back up all the way to Smoky Hill. The conductor and the captain of the guard, composed of government

scouts, took a stand on the rearmost flat-car, and when I got a signal I opened the throttle and began to poke the blunt end of the construction train into the darkness. Ordinarily I hate running backwards at night, but in a case of this kind it is a real relief to know that there are a dozen or more well-armed soldiers between you and whatever the darkness holds. Three or four men with white lights were stationed at intervals along the tops of the ten or twelve cars that made up the train. The house-car, or caboose, was next the engine, and upon the top of this car stood the foreman of the gang, and from him I was supposed to take my 'tokens.'

"We had been in motion less than ten minutes when I saw the conductor's light (we were going with the storm) stand out, and following this movement all the lights along the train's top pointed out over the plain, and I began to slow down. Instantly a dozen shots were fired from the darkness. Muffled by the storm, the sound came as if a pack of firecrackers was going off under a dinner pail, and we all knew what we had run into. 'Injuns,' shouted the fireman, leaping across the gangway, 'and they're on my side.' 'Keep your seat,' said I, 'they're on my side too.'

"Now all the white lights, following another signal from the conductor, began to whirl furiously in a short circle. That was my notion precisely. If they had prepared to ditch us, we might as well go into the ditch as remain on the tops of the cars to be picked off by the Sioux; so I opened the throttle and began to back away again as fast as possible. The Indians had placed a great pile of cross-ties upon the track, expecting that when we struck them our train would come to a dead stop. The small party that had fired upon us were the outer watch, the main band being huddled about the heap of ties, where they expected us to halt and where most of the amusement would occur. The track was newly laid and as billowy as a rough sea, but this was no time for careful running. The old work engine soon had the empty train going at a thirty-mile gait, and then we hit the tie pile. The men on the rear car, which was now the front, had anticipated a wreck, and retired in bad order to the center of the train. The Indians, who had only a faint notion of the power and resistance of a locomotive, stood close together about the pile of ties. The falling snow had made the rails and timbers so wet and slippery that when we hit the stack of wood the ties flew in all directions. Some of them were thrown to the tops of the cars and others flew into the mob of redskins, knocking them into confusion. A fine buck, who must have been standing on the track, was picked up in the collision and landed upon the top of the second car, right at the conductor's feet. The fellow was considerably stunned by the fall, and, taking advantage of his condition, the scouts seized and bound him with a piece of bell-cord, taking care to remove an ugly knife from his raw-hide belt. The band were so surprised to see the train plough through the wreckage that they forgot to fire until we had almost passed them and a great flood of fire from the engine stack was falling among them. They then threw up their guns, those who were still on their feet, and let go at us, but none of the bullets affected our party.

"When we reached the station, the Pawnees who were among the scouts recognized our captive at once as Bear Foot, a noted and very wicked chief. When the Sioux came to himself and realized that he was a captive he became furious. He surged and strained at the bell-rope, but it was all in vain, and finally he gave up.

"When we had eaten supper, we all went into the roundhouse—soldiers and all—for we knew the Sioux would make a desperate effort to secure their chief before the night was out.

"It was long after midnight when one of the men on duty heard a low, scraping sound like that made by a hog crawling under a gate. A moment later the noise was repeated. When the same sound had been heard three or four times, the lieutenant in command flashed a bull's-eye lamp in the direction of the door, and the light of it revealed three big braves standing close together, while a fourth was just creeping in under the door. With a we-are-discovered expression, the one who appeared to be the leader glanced at his companions. Then, as though the idea had struck all of them at once, they threw their guns up and let go along down the ray of light, and the lieutenant fell to the ground, severely wounded.

"Appreciating the importance of our capture, the captain in command had set four powerful Pawnee scouts to guard Bear Foot, the Sioux chief. It was no sure thing that we would be able to hold the Indians off till morning; and as the storm had blown the wires down, we had been unable to telegraph to Lawrence

for reinforcements. Taking even a moderate view of the situation, we were in a hard hole. I, for one, would have gladly bartered our captive and the glory of the capture away for the assurance of seeing the sun rise on the following morning, but I dared not hint such a thing to the captain, much less to the Pawnees.

"The four Pawnees, with their prisoner, were placed in the coal tank of the locomotive, while the fireman and I occupied our places in the cab and kept the steam up to 140 pounds. If at any time it seemed to me the fight was going against us, and the Sioux stood a chance to effect an entrance, I was to pull out for Lawrence with the captive and fetch assistance, provided I did not meet a westbound train and lose my locomotive. I rather liked this arrangement, risky as it was, for it was preferable to remaining in the roundhouse to be roasted alive. Then, again, I disliked fighting—that was what we fed and hauled these soldiers around for. They were so infernally lazy in times of peace that I used almost to pray for trouble that they might be given an opportunity, at least once a week, to earn their board and keep. Now that the opportunity seemed to be at hand, I had no wish to deprive them of the excitement and glory of being killed in real battle, and so sat nodding in the cab of the old 49 until the flash of the bull's-eye caused me to look ahead.

"The report of the rifles in the hands of the Indians had been answered by a dozen guns from the interior of the building, and immediately a shower of lead rained and rattled upon the wooden doors from without. One of the scouts picked the bull's-eye lamp up and placed it upon the work-bench, training the light upon the double doors immediately in front of my engine. Our men knew how useless it would be to fire into the sand-stuffed sides of the building, and not caring to put themselves into a position where they could fire effectively above the wainscoting, they very wisely kept close to the ground and allowed the Sioux to empty their guns into the sand.

"Presently, hearing no sound from within, the attacking party ceased firing and began to prowl about the building in search of a weak spot through which they might effect an entrance. The fate of the three early callers who had hogged it under the door kept them from fooling about that trap for the remainder of the evening. In a little while the whole place was as still as the tomb, save for the soft flutter of steam from the safety valve of the 49. Bear Foot knew what was going on. Even though he could see nothing, he knew that his faithful followers were working for his release, and now, when all was silent, he shouted from the coal tank to his braves to break the door and come in. Before the Pawnee scouts could pound him into a state of quietude he had imparted to his people the particulars of his whereabouts, and immediately the whole band threw themselves against the front of the building.

"The house fairly trembled; the Indians surged from without, and the great doors swayed to and fro, threatening at any moment to give way and let the flood of bloodthirsty redskins in upon us.

"'Stand together,' called the captain to his men.

"'Put on the blower and get her hot,' I called to the fireman, for I knew the frail structure could not withstand the strain much longer. As often as the fireman opened the furnace door to rake his fire, the glare of the fire-box lit up the whole interior and showed three dead Sioux near the door. One of them lay across the rail, and I found myself speculating as to whether the pilot of the 49 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it seemed that the whole band had thrown themselves against the building, and the yelling was deafening. Above it all I heard our captain shout, 'Get ready, Frank.'

"'I am ready,' said I.

"'All right,' said he, 'shoot it to 'em,' and I opened the sand valves and the throttle. I have often thought what a temptation it was for those soldiers to leap upon the engine and make their escape, but, although they all understood perfectly what was going on, not one of them took advantage of this 'last train out.'

"Just as the 'big hoss' moved with all her ponderous and almost irresistible weight toward the front of the building, the double doors sagged toward me like the head-gate of a great reservoir that is overcharged, and then I hit 'em. The big doors, being forced from their hinges, fell out upon the redskins, and they were caught like rats in a trap. The pilot ploughed through them, maiming and killing a score of them, and on went the 49 over the safe switches which had already been set for her before the fight began. The confusion

caused by the awful work of 'big hoss,' which they regarded as a little less than the devil, was increased when the Indians who remained unhurt realized that the engine was making away with their chief, for he had told them how he was held a captive 'in the belly of the big horse.'

"All effort for the capture of the roundhouse was instantly abandoned, and the Sioux as one man turned and ran after the locomotive. The captain in command of the scouts, taking advantage of the confusion of his foe, and of the fact that his force was in the dark building, while the Sioux were out upon the whitened earth, quickly massed his men at the open door and began to pour a murderously wicked fire into the baffled Sioux, who, like foolish farm dogs, were chasing the 49 out over the switches.

"All the Indians who were crippled by the engine were promptly, and, I thought, very properly, killed by the Pawnee scouts, and the rest were driven away with fearful loss.

"It was a dangerous run from Smoky Hill to Lawrence, with no running orders, and the chance of colliding with a westbound special, or an extra that might be going out to the rescue with a trainload of material. But the officials, fearing that something might arise which would cause us to want to come in, had very wisely abandoned all trains the moment the wires went down, and so we reached Lawrence, just before day, without a mishap.

"My first thought was of our captive, Bear Foot, who had made track-laying dangerous business for our people for the past three or four weeks; but upon looking about I saw only four Pawnees, and concluded that the fierce fellows had killed the chief and rolled him off.

"'Where's Bear Foot?' I demanded.

"'Here,' said a Pawnee, who was quietly seated upon the man-hole of the engine-tank, and he pointed down. During the excitement in the roundhouse at Smoky Hill the Sioux had made a desperate effort to escape, and had been quietly dropped into the tank, where he had remained throughout the entire run.

"Now, it's one thing to stay in a tank that is half filled with water when the engine is in her stall, and quite another thing to inhabit a place of that kind when a locomotive is making a fly run over a new track. After much time and labor had been lost fishing for the chief with a clinker-hook, one of the scouts got into the tank, which was now quite empty, and handed Bear Foot out.

"When we had bailed him out and placed him alongside the depot where the sun would catch him early, the coroner came and sat on him and pronounced him a good Indian."

AH POVERTIES, WINCINGS, AND SULKY RETREATS.

By Walt Whitman.

Ah poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats,
Ah you foes that in conflict have overcome me,
(For what is my life or any man's life but a conflict with foes, the old, the incessant war?)
You degradations, you tussle with passions and appetites,
You smarts from dissatisfied friendships, (ah wounds the sharpest of all!)
You toil of painful and choked articulations, you meannesses,
You shallow tongue-talks at tables, (my tongue the shallowest of any;)
You broken resolutions, you racking angers, you smother'd ennuis!
Ah think not you finally triumph, my real self has yet to come forth,
It shall yet march forth o'ermastering, till all lies beneath me,
It shall yet stand up the soldier of ultimate victory.

From "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman; David McKay, Publisher, Philadelphia. By special permission.

GRANT AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

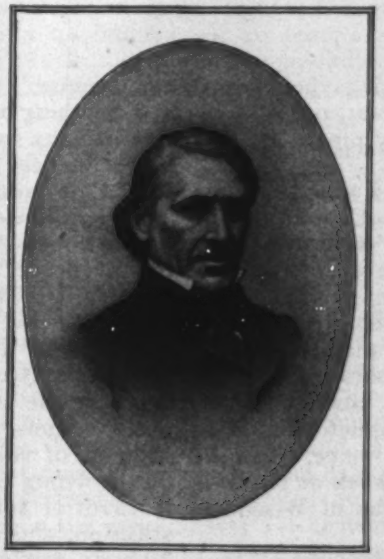
GRANT AS A MERCHANT AT GALENA.—PRESIDES AT A WAR MEETING AND HELPS TO RECRUIT, UNIFORM, AND DRILL A COMPANY.—HIS DISHEARTENING WAIT FOR A COMMAND.—APPOINTED A COLONEL.—QUICK PROOF OF HIS SKILL AS A COMMANDER.

THERE are men yet living who stood one April day in 1860 watching the steamer "Itasca" while she nosed her way up the tortuous current of the Galena River. As she swung up to the wharf at the town of Galena attention was attracted to a passenger on deck wearing a blue cape overcoat. When the boat was made fast, he rose and gathered a number of chairs together, evidently part of his household furniture.

"Who is that?" asked one man of a friend.

"That's Captain Grant, Jesse Grant's oldest son. He was in the Mexican War. He's moving here," was the reply.

No one thereafter gave particular attention to the stranger except some boys who were attracted by his soldier overcoat, the like of which they had never before seen. Captain Grant took a couple of chairs in each hand and came ashore. His wife, a small, alert woman, followed with four children, three boys and a girl, all plainly but carefully dressed; the hand of the mother showing in all things.



E. B. WASHBURNE ABOUT 1861.

From a photograph by M. B. Brady & Co., Washington, District of Columbia. Mr. Washburne was a member of Congress from the Galena (Illinois) district at the outbreak of the war.

Jesse Grant, the father of Ulysses, had prospered. He had removed his household and tannery from Bethel, Ohio, to Covington, Kentucky, and had established in Galena, Illinois, as a branch of his business, a wholesale leather store, at that time one of the largest in the Northwest. Of this store his second son Simpson was the nominal manager, with the youngest son Orvil and M. T. Burke, Orvil Grant's brother-in-law, as clerks. Ulysses, the eldest son, had now removed to Galena from St. Louis to be associated with his brothers in conducting the store. The terms and conditions of the association we learn from Mr. Burke. "Nominally," says he, "we all were to get $600 per year, but, as a matter of fact, we were all working for a common fund, and we had what we needed. We were not really upon salaries in the ordinary sense at all. Captain Grant came into the firm on the same terms. There was no 'bossing' by Simpson or Orvil. I had as much to do with the management as anybody and no more. There was no feeling against Ulysses coming in, and no looking down on him as a failure. We all looked up to him as an older man and a soldier. He knew much more than we in matters of the world, and we recognized it."

Captain Grant established his family in a small brick house which stood high on the bluff to the north of the main street, and required, in order to reach it, a climb up several hundred wooden steps. The rent was one hundred dollars a year. His brother Simpson lived with him there.

Grant at once turned his hand to everything needful to be done. He was nominally bill-clerk and collection agent, but in fact he sold stock, bought hides, and made out bills for goods all in the same day. In

1860 exchange was high, and to save eight or ten per cent., the firm bought dressed pork on the streets and shipped it to Cincinnati to be turned into money there. Captain Grant climbed upon farmers' sleighs as they came laden into town, and bid upon the stiff and stark yellow carcasses. Richard Barrett, one of his competitors in this traffic, recalls him as "a mighty shrewd buyer." One day the clerk of the court sent word that a desk needed covering, and Captain Grant took a breadth of leather to the court-house and, with the help of the clerk, a young man named Rowley, cut and tacked it on. This began a friendship which lasted long. Rowley was a man of brains and pluck, and this Captain Grant quickly apprehended.

On all days when an overcoat was necessary, this stranger wore his blue coat; and Lewis Rowley, Clerk Rowley's little son, was much impressed by it. "He always seemed to me," says Mr. Rowley, "about eight feet tall. I was in much awe of him because he was a soldier and because he wore the blue coat. His son Fred was about my age, and I was in and out of the house almost every day. I used to see Captain Grant come home climbing up the hill, and then in the evenings he used to sit and read to Mrs. Grant, or read by himself and smoke a clay pipe. He was seldom away."

At the foot of the bluff stood a little Methodist church, where Captain Grant and his wife and children were to be seen almost as regularly as the deacons themselves. During the eleven months of his stay in Galena he lived so quietly, so inconspicuously, that no one outside his customers and his neighbors on the hill met him. He had few acquaintances, and no intimates. The quiet routine of his life was broken but once, when he made a business trip of a week or ten days up among the small towns of Wisconsin and over into Iowa.

In December, 1860, Grant wrote to a friend: "In my new employment I have become pretty conversant and am much pleased with it. I hope to be a partner pretty soon." But already the political situation had grown grave, and was interesting Grant. In the course of this same letter he said: "How do you feel on the subject of secession in St. Louis? . . . It is hard to realize that a State or States should commit so suicidal an act as to secede from the Union, though, from all reports, I have no doubt but five of them will do it. And then, with the present granny of an executive, some foolish policy will doubtless be pursued which will give the seceding States the support and sympathy of the Southern States that don't go out." A month or two later his friend Rowley said to him: "There's a great deal of bluster about these Southerners; but I don't think there's much fight in them."

"Rowley, you are mistaken," Grant replied, impressively. "There *is* a good deal of bluster—that's the result of their education—but if they ever get at it, they will make a strong fight. You are a good deal like them in one respect. Each side underestimates the other and overestimates itself." *

GRANT'S FIRST SERVICE IN THE WAR.

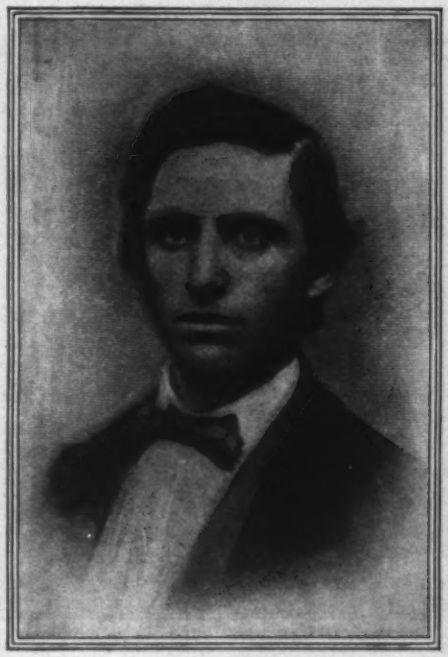
Five days after the attack on Fort Sumter there was gathered into the court-house in Galena an excited throng of people.† Robert Brand, the mayor of the town, was chosen to preside, and in accepting the office said: "Fellow-citizens, I acknowledge the honor you confer upon me, but it will be well to state briefly and frankly the ground on which I stand in this present crisis. I am in favor of any honorable compromise." The word "compromise" was anything but agreeable to his auditors. Realizing as soon as he had pronounced it, that it was so, the Mayor went on haltingly, "I am in favor of sustaining the President,"—the heavy feet began to rumble on the floor,—"so long as his efforts are for the peace and harmony of the whole country." The audience grew tumultuous. "I am in favor," continued the Mayor, "of a convention of the people, that an adjustment may be made sustaining alike the honor, interest, and safety of both sections of our country." Again a grumble of voices warned him that he was on the wrong track, and he added: "I am in favor of sustaining our flag, our Constitution, and our laws—right or wrong." Nobody felt quite sure what these words meant, but it grew clearer as the speaker ended, saying, "Yet I am opposed to warring on any portion of our beloved country if a compromise can be effected."

Men quivering with excitement leaped to their feet, but in a moment all gave way to a thin-lipped, transplanted New Englander, Elihu B. Washburne, then representing the Galena district in Congress.

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

† This account is based on accounts which appeared in the daily papers of the city at the time.

His big, rugged, smooth-shaven face was tense with emotion, as he said: "I do not approve of the spirit of the remarks of our chairman, and I never will submit to the idea that in this crisis, when war is upon us and when our flag is assailed by traitors and by conspirators, the government should be thus dealt with. We should have a chairman who more fully represents the patriotic feeling of this meeting. I, therefore, nominate George W. Campbell to preside over this meeting."



JOHN A. RAWLINS ABOUT 1861.

From a photograph by Henning, Galena, Illinois. General Rawlins was intimately associated with Grant from the first war meeting in Galena to the close of the war, and after. He became, under Grant, assistant adjutant-general, chief of staff, and, finally, Secretary of War.

Amid great excitement Mr. Washburne's motion was put and defeated. He then said: "I withdraw the motion. I did not come here with the intention or desire to introduce any political questions whatsoever. I think, however, the chairman has gone out of his way to drag in such matters. In this crisis any man who would introduce party politics—be he Republican, Democrat, or American—such a man is a traitor." The applause at this frank declaration was such as to show the chairman that he must look elsewhere for sympathy. "But to test the sense of the meeting," added Mr. Washburne, "I will offer some resolutions." He then read a series of resolutions declaring the will of the citizens to "support the Government of the United States in the performance of all its constitutional duties in the great crisis," recommending the immediate formation of two military companies in the city of Galena, and urging the legislature to make provision for meeting the President's calls for troops. This he followed with a speech reviewing the situation of the country and urging all good citizens to rally to the support of the government.

Captain Howard, a Mexican War veteran, followed with a short speech, and then arose a young Democratic lawyer of the town, a swarthy fellow of rough-hewn, passionate face, with big eyes and wide lips—the face of an orator, and the form of a laborer. Many knew him, for he had been a farmer and a charcoal-burner in the country near; had educated himself, been admitted to the bar, and had achieved the distinction of being a candidate for elector on the Democratic list. Every head now leaned to listen; and for nearly an hour, with voice like a lion, and with big work-widened hands reaching and threatening, John A. Rawlins pleaded and execrated and argued, amid wild shouts of applause and a rumble of boot-heels which seemed at times to predict the sullen rhythmic sound of marching feet. "The time of compromise is past," he said in closing, as the hall rang with cheers; "and we must appeal to the God of battles." When he sat down it seemed as if every man present was ready to enlist.

As the audience dispersed Grant's friend Rowley said to him, "It was a fine meeting after all."

"Yes, we're about ready to *do* something now," was the quiet answer. And this was the general feeling. The next day, therefore, notice was given that a meeting to raise a company of volunteers would be held, and a few nights later the court-room held another dense crowd. It was moved to choose "Captain U. S. Grant for chairman." Grant was sitting in grave silence on one of the hard benches outside the railing. Though he had been in Galena for a year, few of those present had ever before seen him with his hat off, and many of those who knew him by sight knew him simply because he wore the only soldier overcoat in the town. As he now left his seat, and with much embarrassment went through the crowd toward the desk, he was perceived to be a shortish man, slightly stooping in the neck, carrying his head a little on one side, and having the look of a serious, capable,

sympathetic country doctor. Instead of mounting to the platform he stopped in front of it. "Go up, Captain!" "Platform! Platform!" shouted the audience. Grant smiled, shook his head, and stood for a moment with both hands resting on a desk. He was not without a certain impressiveness, seen thus. His head was large, and his face thoughtful and resolute. He wore a full beard, light brown in color, trimmed rather close, and the firm line of his lips could be seen. In manner he was almost timid as he turned and said, in substance: "Fellow-citizens: This meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the State of Illinois. Whom will you have for secretary?"

MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. PALMER, NEAR THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

From a photograph loaned by J. E. Taylor, New York City.

The bustle of electing a secretary seemed to give him time to recover himself a little, and he continued: "Before calling upon you to become volunteers, I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicking party. Nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your superiors will seem to you unjust, and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts-martial where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here, it should be in full understanding of what the act means. In conclusion, let me say that so far as I can I will aid the company, and I intend to reënlist in the service myself."

The audience cheered at this, though a little dashed by the quiet, serious, almost fateful talk of the chairman. Somehow he took the bombast out of the evening's meeting, yet left it vital with genuine, resolute patriotism. In answer to questions concerning military organization, he replied in a masterly manner. He seemed to know every detail.

Nearly two-score names were enrolled that night. The next day Grant wrote the following letter to his father-in-law:

MR. F. DENT.

Dear Sir: I have but little time to write. . . . The times are indeed startling; but now is the time, particularly in the border slave States, to show their love of country. . . . All party distinction should be lost sight of, and every true patriot be for maintaining the glorious old Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, and the Union. The North is responding to the President's call in such a manner that the Confederates may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field 75,000 troops, and ten and twenty times 75,000, if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them, too. It is all a mistake about the Northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give of their time or of their abundant means.

No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact that in all these troubles the Southerners have been the aggressors, and the administration has stood purely on the defensive, more on the defensive than it would have dared to have done but for its consciousness of right, and the certainty of right prevailing in the end.

The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the border States, this is not much to be regretted. Her position, or rather that of eastern Virginia, has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina. She should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt. *In all this I can but see the doom of slavery.**

This letter, and one of similar tenor to his father, and another to his brother-in-law, disprove the stories concerning Grant's lack of patriotism. He was awake and eager. On Saturday of the same week he went with Mr. Rowley, John A. Rawlins, and Orvil Grant to Hanover, a neighboring village, and there he made his first set speech; "and it was a good one, too," says one who heard it, "short, and to the point."

In a few days the company of "Joe

* Quoted by Burr in his "Life and Deeds of Grant."

Daviess Guards" was recruited, and Grant was offered the captaincy. He refused the office, saying, "I think I can serve the State better at Springfield." He explained to his friends: "I can't afford to reënter service as a captain of volunteers. I have served nine years in the regular army, and I am fitted to command a regiment." He added, though: "I will do anything that lies in my power to assist the company in getting into service. I will go down to Springfield, if necessary." Upon Grant's declination, A. L. Chetlain was made captain. He was a vigorous young man, and had been the first man in the company to volunteer.

Captain Grant was in hourly demand thereafter. He selected the cloth and superintended the making of the company's uniforms. He drilled the company as a whole and in squads. He instructed the officers, Captain Chetlain and Lieutenants Campbell and Dixon, and in one week from the date of the second war meeting, the company was organized, uniformed, and ready to proceed to the State capital. Its departure was made a great occasion in Galena. It was escorted to the train by the local fire company, the Masonic society, the order of Odd Fellows, the mayor, and other organizations and officials. As the procession moved through the streets, Captain Grant, with a lean carpet-bag in his hand, stood modestly in the crowd on the sidewalk and watched it pass. Then he fell in behind the column, and quietly, with head pensively drooping, followed on to the station, and also took the train to Springfield.

GRANT'S HARD SEARCH FOR MILITARY EMPLOYMENT.

During the month of May, 1861, Springfield, the capital of Illinois, seethed like a pot with orators and soldiers and place-seekers and glory-hunters. Lincoln's call for troops had been made; the volunteers were pouring in; the legislature was in extraordinary session, and nearly every public man in the State was at the seat of government to advise, instruct, and wheedle the governor and his staff. Nobody knew what to do or how to do it. The streets were filled with the snarl of drums and the wail of fifes; the whole State seemed marching. The governor's office was thronged twenty rows deep with people of importance or fancied importance, and the governor, Richard Yates, had no time to give to the modest and unimpressive ex-soldier from Galena who came to tell him that the "Joe Daviess Guards" were ready to be mustered in, and also to say that he desired to aid the government in some fashion. The governor curtly said: "I'm sorry to say, captain, there is nothing for you now to do. Call again."

Captain Grant turned away much depressed. He had reached this interview only after days of waiting, and by aid of a letter from Congressman Washburne, and now he received only the polite phrase "Call again," which probably meant nothing.

Grant had left Galena with a very slender purse as well as a very lank carpet-bag, and was in poor condition for a long wait at the door of preferment. He knew no one save Captain Chetlain and a few of the privates in the "Joe Daviess Guards," and in all the martial preparation and the bustle of disordered troops he had no part. He saw the great need of him, but was powerless to put in a guiding hand. However, he concluded to stay a few days longer in Springfield; at least until the Galena company was mustered in.

In order to keep expenses as low as possible, he shared the rent of a room (three dollars and fifty cents per week) with Captain Chetlain, taking his meals at the Chenery House near by. In this way Chetlain came to see a great deal of him during these days of waiting. He slowly made some acquaintances. R. H. McClellan, a newly-elected member of the legislature from Galena, met him and became in some measure convinced of his value as a military leader. "He impressed every one he talked with," says Mr. McClellan,* "as a man who knew military forms and regulations. I had not known him at Galena, except possibly by sight. He was a very retiring man, and had not secured the attention of any of the influential politicians of his county. He came into my room one night, saying abruptly: 'I'm going home. The politicians have got everything here, there's no chance for me. I came down because I felt it my duty. The government educated me, and I felt I ought to offer my services again. I have applied, to no result. I can't afford to stay here longer, and I'm going home.'"

Grant's own account of his discouraging experiences at Springfield differs in some points from other accounts. He says in his "Personal Memoirs": "I determined to leave on the evening train.

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT LIVED AT GALENA.

Up to that time I do not think I had been introduced to Governor Yates. I knew him by sight, however, for he was living at the same hotel, and I often saw him at table. The evening I was to quit the capital I left the supper room before the governor, and was standing on the steps when he came out. He spoke to me, calling me by my old army title 'Captain,' and said he understood I was leaving the city. I answered that I was. He said he would be glad if I would remain over night and call at his office in the morning. I complied with his request, and was asked to go into the adjutant-general's office and render such assistance as I could."

The important thing is that at last, despite rebuffs and the jostlings of the crowd, he was in the employ of the State. For several days he made out blanks, sitting in the anteroom of the adjutant-general's office—a tedious task, but it had its uses. It enabled him to meet men and to answer questions. John M. Palmer, passing by, asked who he was, and was told he was Captain Grant, an old army officer. It became noised abroad that Grant was a West Point graduate, a veteran of the Mexican War, and, above all, it soon became known that any one could ask any military question whatsoever of him and receive a clear, concise, and unforgetable answer. His room-mate, Captain Chetlain, supplies this glimpse of him at his new employment: "One day I found Grant in the anteroom of the adjutant's office copying out the orders. He was seated at an old table with but three legs, which was shoved into a corner in order to stand. He had his hat on, and his pipe in his mouth, and was writing busily. As I spoke he looked up, with an expression of disgust on his face, and said: 'I'm going to quit. This is no work for a man of my experience. Any boy could do this. I'm going home.'"*

But better service came soon. Captain Pope, commandant at Camp Yates, went away for a few days, and Governor Yates sent Grant out to fill his place. A correspondent for the Galena "Gazette," under date of May 10, 1861, said: "During the absence of Captain Pope, Captain Grant is in command of the camp. We are all under strict military law." Grant's skill as a disciplinarian evidently made itself manifest at once. He was in command at Camp Yates about four days. Events moved at quickstep. A bill had passed authorizing the force of ten regiments then assembled to be held subject to the needs of the nation. The regiments had to be mustered in, and reports of Grant's efficiency encouraged Governor Yates to appoint him one of the five mustering officers. He was also made one of the governor's aides, at a salary of three dollars per day, and given the complimentary rank of colonel. In pursuance of his new duties he went, on the 14th of May, to Mattoon, to muster in a regiment recruited in the Seventh Congressional district.†

This regiment was made up of lusty young men from the farms, shops, and offices of the district, and, at the time Grant went to muster it in, the men had elected as colonel Simon S. Goode, who had led into it a company from Decatur. Grant spent two days with the regiment, and made so deep an impression upon the officers that they named their rendezvous "Camp Grant," the first camp of the name in America.

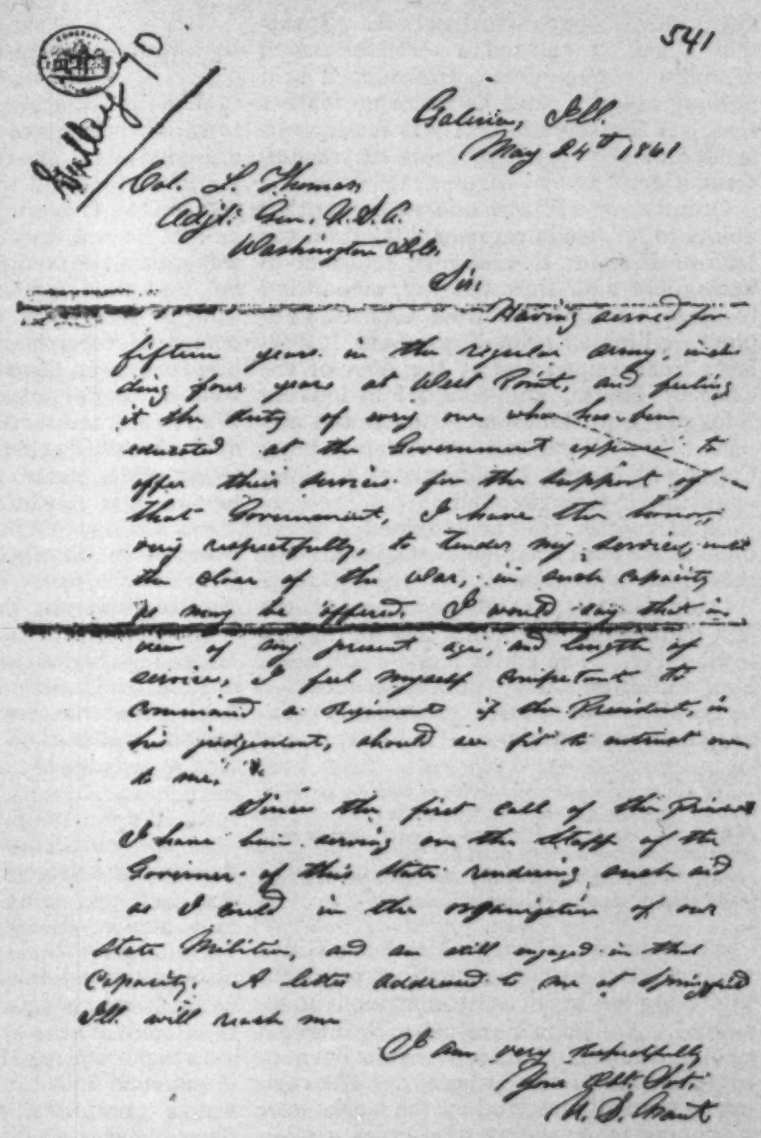
Grant's appearance and demeanor at this time are vividly recalled by Joseph W. Vance, a young man who had been two years at West Point and had entered the Seventh Regiment as a first lieutenant. "He made a strong impression on us,"

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

† It is necessary to record at this point the loss of the faithful old blue overcoat. Grant left Springfield without it, and wrote to Chetlain from Mattoon asking him to look after it; but, alas! some one had taken it, and the faithful overcoat was seen no more.

says Vance in a recent interview. "There is no doubt of that. Part of this was due to the fact that he was the first officer to come to us clothed with authority from the State; but we also saw that he knew his business, for everything he did was done without hesitation. He was a little bit stooped at that time, and wore a cheap suit of clothes and a soft black hat. I remember very well the night he went away. I had been two years at West Point, and I felt that I might approach him along that line; so after supper I went up to the hotel. I found him sitting alone, smoking abstractedly. I introduced myself to him, and we had a long talk; at least I talked, and he listened, with a peculiar sidewise glance. It was a rainy night, and long until train time, so I felt that he was rather glad to have me keep him company. I hadn't talked long before I began to tell him about our colonel, with whom there was great dissatisfaction in the regiment.

"While I was relating our troubles with great freedom, I became aware that I was talking out of school to the mustering officer of the State; and not only that, there was something in this man's silence and in his strange glance which made the cold



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Galena, Ill.
May 24th 1861

Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt. Gen. U.S.A.
Washington D.C.

Sir

Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgement, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield Ill. will reach me.

I am very Respectfully
Your Obt. Svt.
U. S. Grant

GRANT'S LETTER OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

In the original letter the last three lines and the signature are on a second page. The letter reads:

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May 24th, 1861.

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ADJT. GEN. U. S. A.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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I am very Respectfully,
Your Obt. Svt.,
U. S. GRANT.

sweat break out all over me. I saw that I had committed a terrible breach of military discipline. However, I said nothing about it, and he made no further sign. A few days later I was made drill-master of the regiment upon his recommendation."

Grant now went to one or two other points to muster in regiments, and, on the 20th of May, or thereabouts, returned to Springfield and drew his pay, amounting to $130. About this time Charles Lanphier, editor of the Springfield "Register," came upon him at the door of the Chenery House, and found him looking "fagged out, lonesome, poor, and dejected." "What are you doing here, Captain?" asked Lanphier. "Nothing—waiting," Grant replied.

Shortly after this he obtained a leave of absence and returned to Galena. His return is chronicled by the Galena "Daily Gazette," and he achieved the first editorial notice of his life on the following day. The editor made a call upon him, and after a long interview, returned to his office and wrote a remarkable paragraph concerning him:

> We are now in want of just such soldiers as he is, and we hope the government will invite him to higher command. He is the very soul of honor, and no man breathes who has a more patriotic heart. We want among our young soldiers the influence of the rare leadership of men like Captain Grant.

Nevertheless, when, on May 24th, Grant wrote a letter to the general government proffering his services, it remained unanswered. And upon his return to Springfield he found himself no longer able even to serve as aide to the governor. The regiments were all mustered in, the clerks were beginning to get the run of military usages, and nothing remained for Captain Grant except enlistment as a private soldier—or command. Governor Yates did not, apparently, think of giving him a command.

Seeing no hope of appointment in Illinois, he made a visit to St. Louis, and applied for service under the State of Missouri. He could get nothing, however, and then he resolved to go to Ohio, where, at Cincinnati, George B. McClellan was already in command of the department of Ohio. "I was in hopes," says Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," "when he saw me he would offer me a position on his staff. I called on two successive days at his office, but failed to see him on either occasion."

HOW GRANT GOT HIS FIRST COMMAND.

While in Ohio he paid a visit to Georgetown, the village of his boyhood, and his old comrade, Carr B. White, suggested he go to Columbus, the State capital. He returned to Cincinnati, however, and there he met his old friend Chilton White, who was a member of the Legislature and then on his way to Columbus. Mr. White said to him that there ought to be a command for him somewhere, and asked him to stay in Cincinnati while he himself went on to Columbus. In a few days Mr. White returned with a commission as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio, but he found Grant much elated over a telegram which he had that day received from Governor Yates asking, "Will you accept the command of the Seventh District regiment?" Grant had already telegraphed an acceptance to Governor Yates's offer.

In the Seventh Illinois, still stationed at Mattoon, a bread riot had broken out, early in June; and a little later, the guard-house, having become intolerably infested with vermin, was burned by the men. Colonel Goode was either powerless to prevent disturbance or careless of it. The men foraged upon neighboring farms, stealing pigs and chickens, or howled drunkenly through the streets of the town. There was such complaint against the regiment that at last the governor ordered it to Springfield. Lieutenant Joseph Vance, already quoted, tells us how the change of colonels was effected. "Some time before this removal from Mattoon to Springfield," says he,* "the men had become thoroughly dissatisfied with Colonel Goode, and there was a great deal of talk about it. We determined it would never do to enter service with him in command, and with the self-confidence of youth, I determined to let the governor know how we felt about the matter. I knew the secretary of state, O. M. Hatch, and, accordingly, soon after we reached the city, Lieutenant Armstrong and I went to call upon him. We stated the situation, and asked him to bring the matter to the governor's attention and ask him to either appoint a new colonel or let us elect one.

"Colonel John M. Palmer was walking up and down an inner room, and Hatch said: 'You'd better talk with Colonel Palmer about it.' We were alarmed, and I said: 'I don't think we had better do so; our coming to you is a breach of military

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

discipline.' 'Oh! that won't matter; Palmer will understand. He's right here, and his advice will be better than mine.' He then took us back and introduced us. Colonel Palmer advised us to see the governor, and at once took us to Yates, saying: 'Governor, these young gentlemen want to talk with you about the condition of the Seventh District regiment.'

"We then stated the case to the governor, who listened in silence. At the end he simply remarked: 'The matter will be inquired into.' I afterward heard that Captain Harlan had seen the governor also, but at that time I did not know any one else was moving in the matter.

"Shortly after this the governor invited all the commissioned officers of the regiment to come to his office to confer upon the condition of the regiment. We took seats according to rank, I remember, thirty-two of us. The governor then said he had heard that a new colonel was asked for, and he wanted to get at the wishes of each man. He thought, however, that in place of beginning with the highest officer in rank, he would reverse the order and begin with the lowest. This was a delicate way of recognizing that Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander was a possible candidate for the position.

"The result of the poll was a strong expression of opinion in favor of Grant. I don't remember the exact proportion, but I am very clear that there was a majority for Grant."*

Governor Yates turned to Jesse Dubois, the auditor of state, from whose district the regiment came, and said: "Dubois, here are the officers of your regiment asking for Captain Grant. Shall I appoint him?" And Dubois, who had seen something of Grant, said, "Yes, appoint him."

There was some ceremony attending the introduction of Grant to his new command. John A. McClernand and John A. Logan, members of Congress, being then in Springfield, were invited to speak to the men. Grant had never met either of these gentlemen before, though he knew of them by reputation as prominent politicians. It is related that on the way out to the camp Logan said: "Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," Grant made answer, and Logan got his first impression of Grant's strength from this quiet brief reply.

At Camp Yates they found the regiment assembled ready to enjoy the speeches of the famous orators, and incidentally to greet the new colonel. Congressman McClernand spoke first. After a vigorous and somewhat florid speech, teeming with historic allusions, he concluded: "Having said this much, allow me, Illinoisans, to present to you my friend and colleague in Congress, Hon. John A. Logan. He is gifted with eloquence, and will rouse you to feel as the Athenians felt under the eloquence of Demosthenes—they asked to be immediately led against Philip."

Mr. Logan made a thrilling address wherein he urged the duty of rallying to the defence of the flag. Then, leading forward Grant, who had remained at the back of the platform scarcely moving for nearly two hours, he said, "Allow me to present to you your new colonel, U. S. Grant."

The men cheered, and there were loud calls for a speech. Grant took a step or two forward; then stopped. It was a time when speeches, fervid harangues, were the order of every occasion. Visitors and soldiers stood expectant. At last Grant spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which thrilled the thoughtful officers and gave the whole regiment a new sensation: "*Men, go to your quarters.*"

That evening Grant met the regiment for the first time for dress parade. His glance was quiet, his bearded face immobile. "He wore nothing military save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seam, and, on his head, a queer cap, which looked like those the officers wore in the Mexican War." As he stepped to the center before them, the men looked at each other in amazement, and some were bold enough to jest in low voices concerning him.

It had been the habit of Colonel Goode to seize upon this hour of dress parade to make a speech, and he had been accustomed to end by saying, "I know this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth; but to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will step two paces to the front." The regiment may have expected something like this from Colonel Grant. Having returned the salute of the adjutant, he said to the aligned officers: "A soldier's first duty is to obey his commander. I

*To the substantial truth of this, Captain P. Welshemer and Captain Freeland subscribe. Captain Harlan does not remember that Grant was mentioned by any one but the governor.

shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

As the men turned back to quarters discussion broke forth. "What do they mean by sending down a little man like that to command this regiment?" they asked. "He can't pound sand in a straight hole," said one disgusted private. "He may be like a singed cat, more alive than he looks," a third man suggested. "Nonsense. He can't make a speech. Look at him! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?" added others. "Boys, let me tell you something," said a sergeant. "I stood close enough to him to see his eyes, and the set of his jaw. I'll tell you *who* he is—he's the colonel of this regiment."

And so, indeed, Grant at once proved himself. He stopped all drinking. He made the picket line a reality. He put an end to foraging, and arrested every insubordinate, and made all understand that play was over.

Thus far the new colonel had neither horse, sword, nor uniform, and what was worse, he had no money to buy them. He secured leave of absence and returned to Galena to see his family and to secure the necessary equipment. He borrowed $300 from his father's former partner, E. A. Collins, in order to fit himself out.

Missouri was now developing into a battle-ground, and General John C. Frémont, the famous "path-finder," was in command of the department of the West. He made a call upon the governor of Illinois for aid, and Governor Yates ordered Grant's regiment to report at Quincy, Illinois, within ten days, preparatory to entering Missouri. Shortly after this, Adjutant-General Mather, seated at table in the Chenery House, one day remarked to an agent of the Great Western Railroad: "Colonel Grant's regiment will soon want some transportation to Quincy."

"All right; how much will he need?"

"I don't know; you had better go out and see Colonel Grant, and find out."

The agent at once took a carriage and drove out to Camp Yates. He found Colonel Grant busy over some papers. "Colonel Grant," said he, "I hear you are to move your regiment to Quincy soon. How much transportation do you want?"

"I don't want any," was the curt reply, and Grant went on with his work.

The agent returned to the adjutant-general's office angry at the rebuff, and vented his disappointment at finding no transportation was wanted.

Colonel Mather replied, "I will see about that myself," and went out to Camp Yates to give Grant a lesson. He, too, found Grant busy. "I have come, Colonel Grant, to know why you are disobeying my orders."

"What do you mean?" asked Grant.

"You've been ordered to Quincy by railroad."

"Is not my regiment infantry?" Grant asked.

Colonel Mather admitted that it was.

"Where am I going after I reach Quincy?"

"I believe it is the plan to send you out into Missouri."

"Are you going to build a railroad to transport my regiment wherever I am to go in Missouri?"

Colonel Mather confessed that probably that would not be done.

"Very well; I prefer to do my first marching in a friendly, and not in an enemy's country," replied Colonel Grant, and the tones of his voice made his meaning very definite. The adjutant-general withdrew.

Colonel John Williams, commissary-general, told Governor Yates and others that Colonel Grant was the first commanding officer at Camp Yates who had known exactly what he wanted and how to get it. He said: "Colonel Grant's requisition upon me for supplies seemed to be complete in every detail, for nothing was added to or omitted from the requisition. He selected his horses, wagons, and camp equipage, and superintended the loading of the same into the wagons. He seemed to have just the right number of wagons, and the necessary amount of supplies to fill them."

"We knew we had a real soldier over us," says Lieutenant Vance. "He taught us how to mess, and how to take care of ourselves on the march. He put us to hard drill. He stopped all straggling, all sky-larking of nights. He allowed no whisky in the camp. I've seen him personally inspect the canteens, and spill the liquor on the ground, and yet for all he was so strict a disciplinarian, he was never angry or vindictive. If he punished a man, he did it in a quiet way, and in a spirit which did not enrage the one punished. He was always approachable and without formality, and yet he kept everybody at proper distance. We knew we had the best commander and the best regiment in the State."

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

[CONCLUSION.]

CHAPTER X.—*Concluded.*

CHEYNE pulled his beard and smiled as he looked over the still water, and spoke away from Harvey, who presently began to be aware that his father was telling the story of his life. He talked in a low, even voice, without gesture and without expression; and it was a history for which a dozen leading journals would cheerfully have paid many dollars—the story of forty years that was at the same time the story of the New West, whose story is yet to be written.

It began with a kinless boy turned loose in Texas, and it went on fantastically through a hundred changes and chops of life, the scenes shifting from state after Western state, from cities that sprang up in a month and in a season utterly withered away, to wild ventures in wilder camps that are now laborious, paved municipalities. It covered the building of three railroads and the deliberate wreck of a fourth. It told of steamers, townships, forests, and mines, and the men of every nation under heaven, manning, creating, hewing, and digging these. It touched on chances of gigantic wealth flung before eyes that could not see, or missed by the merest accident of time and travel; and through the mad shift of things, sometimes on horseback, more often afoot, now rich, now poor, in and out, and back and forth, deck-hand, train-hand, contractor, boarding-house keeper, journalist, engineer, drummer, real-estate agent, politician, deadbeat, rum-seller, mine-owner, speculator, cattle-man or tramp, moved Harvey Cheyne, alert and quiet, seeking his own ends, and, so he said, the glory and advancement of his country.

He told of the faith that never deserted him, even when he hung on the ragged edge of despair—the faith that comes of knowing men and things. He enlarged, as though he were talking to himself, on his very great courage and resource at all times. The thing was so evident in the man's mind that he never even changed his tone. He described how he had bested his enemies, or forgiven them, exactly as they had bested or forgiven him in those careless days; how he had entreated, cajoled, and bullied towns, companies, and syndicates, all for their good; crawled round, through, or under mountains and ravines, dragging a string and hoop-iron railroad after him, and sat still while promiscuous communities tore the last fragments of his character to shreds.

The tale held Harvey almost breathless, his head a little cocked to one side, his eyes fixed on his father's face, as the twilight deepened and the red cigar-end lit up the furrowed cheeks and heavy eyebrows. It seemed to him like watching a locomotive storming across country in the dark—a mile between each glare of the opened fire-door: but this locomotive could talk, and the words shook and stirred the boy to the core of his soul. At last Cheyne pitched away the cigar-butt, and the two sat in the dark over the lapping water.

"I've never told that to any one before," said the father.

Harvey gasped. "It's just the greatest thing that ever was!" said he.

"That's what I *got*. Now I'm coming to what I didn't get. It won't sound much of anything to you, but I don't wish you to be as old as I am before you find out. I can handle men, of course, and I'm no fool along my own lines, but—but—I can't compete with the man who has been *taught!* I've picked up as I went along, and I guess it sticks out all over me."

"I've never seen it," said the son, indignantly.

"You will, though, Harve. You will—just as soon as you're through college. Don't I know it? Don't I know the look on men's faces when they think me a—a 'mucker,' as

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they call it out here? I can break them to little pieces—yes—but I can't get back at 'em to hurt 'em where they live. I don't say they're 'way, 'way up, but I feel I'm 'way, 'way, 'way off, somehow. Now *you've* got your chance. You've got to soak up all the learning that's around, and you'll live with a crowd that are doing the same thing. They'll be doing it for a few thousand dollars a year at most; but remember *you'll* be doing it for millions. You'll learn law enough to look after your own property when I'm out o' the light, and you'll have to be solid with the best men in the market (they are useful later); and above all, you'll have to stow away the plain, common, sit-down-with-your-chin-on-your-elbows book-learning. Nothing pays like that, Harve, and it's bound to pay more and more each year in our country—in business *and* in politics. You'll see."

"There's no sugar to my end of the deal," said Harvey. "Four years at college! Wish I'd chosen the valet and the yacht!"

"It's all part of the business," Cheyne insisted. "You're investing your capital where it'll bring in the best returns; and I guess you won't find our property shrunk any when you're ready to take hold. Think it over, and let me know in the morning. Hurry! We'll be late for supper!"

As this was a business talk there was no need for Harvey to tell his mother about it; and Cheyne naturally took the same point of view. But Mrs. Cheyne saw and feared, and was a little jealous. Her boy, who rode rough-shod over her, was gone, and in his stead reigned a keen-faced youth, abnormally silent, who addressed most of his conversation to his father. She understood it was business, and therefore a matter beyond her premises. If she had any doubts, they were resolved when Cheyne went to Boston and brought back a new diamond marquise-ring.

"What have you two men been doing now?" she said, with a weak little smile, as she turned it in the light.

"Talking—just talking, mama; there's nothing small about Harvey."

There was not. The boy had made a treaty on his own account. Railroads, he explained gravely, interested him as little as lumber, real estate, or mining. What his soul yearned after was control of his father's line of sailing-ships. If that could be promised him within what he conceived to be a reasonable time, he, for his own part, guaranteed diligence and sobriety at college for four or five years. In vacation he was to be allowed full access to all details connected with the line—he had asked not more than two thousand questions about it—from his father's most private papers in the safe to the tugs in San Francisco harbor.

"It's a deal," said Cheyne at the last. "You'll alter your mind twenty times before you leave college, o' course; but if you take hold of it in proper shape, and if you don't tie it up before you're twenty-three, I'll make the thing over to you. How's that, Harvey?"

"Nope. Never pays to split up a going concern. There's too much competition in the world anyway, and Disko says 'blood-kin *hev* to stick together.' His crowd never go back on him. That's one reason, he says, why they make such big fares. Say, the 'We're Here' goes off to the Georges on Monday. They don't stay long ashore, do they?"

"Well, we ought to be going, too, I guess. I've left my business hung up at loose ends, and it's time to connect again. I just hate to do it, though. Haven't had a holiday like this for twenty years."

"We can't go without seeing Disko off," said Harvey, "and Monday's Memorial Day. Let's stay over that, anyway."

"What is this memorial business? They were talking about it in the boarding-house," said Cheyne, weakly. He, too, was not anxious to spoil the golden days.

"Well, as far as I can make out, *this* business is a sort of song-and-dance act, whacked up for the summer boarders. Disko don't think much of it, he says, because they take up a subscription for the widows and orphans. Disko's independent. Haven't you noticed that?"

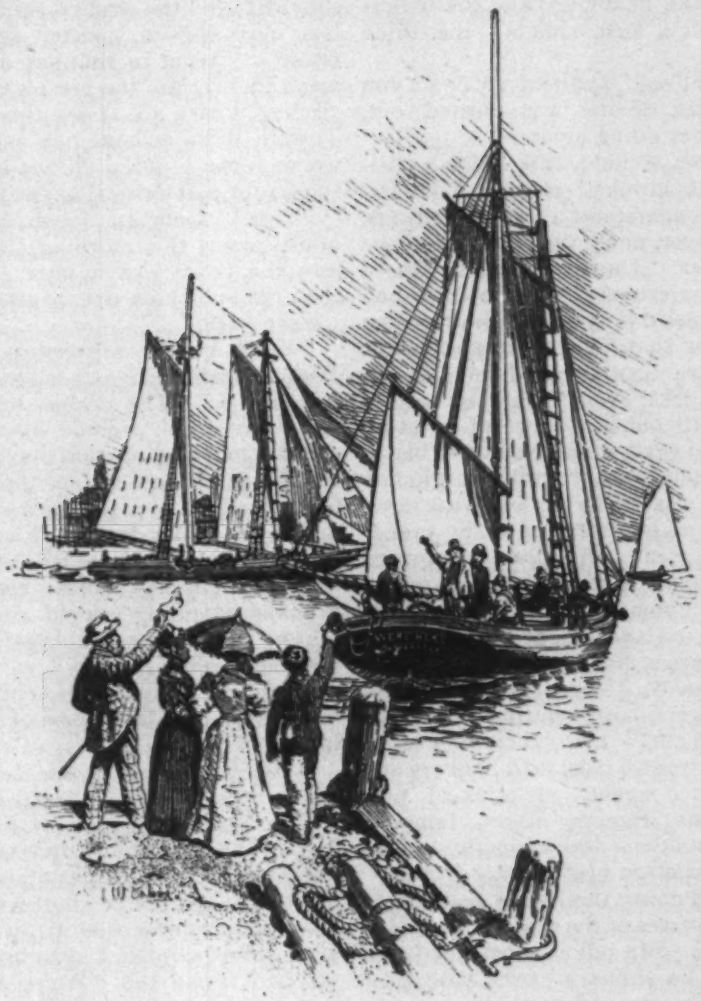
"Well—yes. A little. In spots. Is it a town show?"

"The summer convention is. They read out the names of the fellows drowned or gone astray since last time, and they make speeches, and recite, and all. Then, Disko says, the secretaries of the aid societies go into the back yard and fight over the dollars. The real show, he says, is in the spring. The ministers all take a hand then, and there aren't any summer boarders around."

"I see," said Cheyne, with the brilliant and perfect comprehension of one born into and bred up to city pride. "We'll stay over for Memorial Day, and get off in the afternoon."

"Guess I'll go down to Disko's and make him bring his crowd up before they sail. I'll have to stand with them, of course."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Cheyne. "I'm only a poor summer boarder, and you're—"



BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE "WE'RE HERE."

"A Banker—full-blooded Banker," Harvey called back as he boarded a trolley, and Cheyne went on with his blissful dreams for the future.

Disko had no use for civic functions where appeals were made for charity, but Harvey pleaded that the glory of the day would be lost if the "We're Heres" absented themselves. Then Disko made conditions. He had heard—it was astonishing how all the world knew all the world's business along the water-front—he had heard that a "Philadelphia actress-woman" was going to take part in the exercises; and he mistrusted that she would deliver "Skipper Ireson's Ride." Personally he had as little use for actresses as for summer boarders; but justice was justice, and though he himself (here Dan giggled) had once slipped up on a matter of judgment, this thing must not be. So Harvey came back to East Gloucester, and spent half a day explaining to an amused actress with a royal reputation on two seaboards the inwardness of the mistake she contemplated; and she admitted that it was justice, even as Disko had said.

Cheyne knew by old experience what would happen; but anything of the nature of a public palaver was meat and drink to the man. He saw the trolleys hurrying west, in the hot, hazy morning, full of women in light summer dresses, and white-faced, straw-hatted men fresh from Boston desks; the stack of bicycles outside the post-office; the come-and-go of busy officials, greet-

ing one another; the slow flick and swash of bunting in the heavy air, and the important man with a hose sluicing the brick sidewalk.

"Mother," he said, suddenly; "don't you remember, after Seattle was burned out, and they got her going again?"

Mrs. Cheyne nodded, and looked critically down the crooked street. Like her husband, she understood these gatherings, all the West over, and compared them one against another. The fishermen began to mingle with the crowd about the town-hall doors—blue-jowled Portuguese, their women bare-headed or shawled for the most part; clear-eyed Nova Scotians, and men of the maritime provinces: French, Italians, Swedes, and Danes, with outside crews of coasting schooners; and everywhere women in black, who saluted one another with a gloomy pride, for this was their day of great days. And there were ministers of many creeds—pastors of great, gilt-edged congregations, at the sea-side for a rest, with shepherds of the regular work—from the priests of the Church on the Hill to bush-bearded ex-sailor Lutherans, hail-fellow with the men of a score of boats. There were owners of lines of schooners, large contributors to the societies, and small men, their few craft pawned to the mast-heads, with bankers and marine-insurance agents, captains of tugs and waterboats, riggers, fitters, lumpers, salters, boat-builders, and coopers, and all the mixed population of the water front.

They drifted along the line of seats made gay with the dresses of the summer boarders, and one of the town officials patrolled and perspired till he shone all over with pure city pride. Cheyne had met him for five minutes a few days before, and between the two there was an entire sympathy.

"Well, Mr. Cheyne, and what d'you think of our city?—Yes, madam, you can sit anywhere you please.—You have this kind of thing out West, I presume?"

"Yes, but we aren't as old as you."

"That's so, of course. You ought to have been at the exercises when we celebrated our two hundred and fiftieth birthday. I tell you, Mr. Cheyne, the old city did herself credit."

"So I heard. It pays, too. What's the matter with the town that it don't have a first-class hotel?"

"—Right over there to the left, Pedro. Heaps o' room for you and your crowd.—Why, that's what I tell 'em all the time, Mr. Cheyne. There's big money in it, but I presume that don't affect you any. What we want is—"

A heavy hand fell on his broadcloth shoulder, and the flushed skipper of a Portland coal-and-ice coaster spun him half round. "What in thunder do you fellows mean by clappin' the law on the town when all decent men are at sea this way? Heh? Town's dry's a bone, an' smells a sight worse sense I quit. Might ha' left us one saloon for soft drinks, anyway."

"Don't seem to have hindered your nourishment this morning, Carsen. I'll go into the politics of it later. Sit down by the door and think over your arguments till I come back."

"What good's arguments to me? In Miquelon champagne's eighteen dollars a case and—" The skipper lurched into his seat as an organ prelude silenced him.

"Our new organ," said the official proudly to Cheyne. "Cost us four thousand dollars, too. We'll have to get back to high-license next year to pay for it. I wasn't going to let the ministers have all the religion at their convention. Those are some of our orphans standing up to sing. My wife taught 'em. See you again later. I'm wanted on the platform."

High, clear, and true, children's voices bore down the last noise of those settling into their places.

"*Oh all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!*"

The women throughout the hall leaned forward to look as the reiterated cadences filled the air. Mrs. Cheyne, with some others, began to breathe short; she had hardly imagined there were so many widows in the world, and by instinct searched for Harvey. He had found the "We're Heres" at the back of the audience, and was standing, as by right, between Dan and Disko. Uncle Salters, returned the night before with Penn, received him suspiciously.

"Hain't your folk gone yet?" he grunted. "What are you doin' here, young feller?"

"*Oh all ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!*"

"Hain't he good right?" said Dan. "He's bin there, same as the rest of us."

"Not in them clothes," Salters snarled.

"Shut your head, Salters," said Disko. "Your bile's gone back on you. Stay right where ye are, Harve."

Then up and spoke the orator of the occasion, another pillar of the municipality, bidding the world welcome to Gloucester, and incidentally pointing out wherein Gloucester excelled the rest of the world. Then he turned to the sea wealth of the city, and spoke of the price that must be paid for the

yearly harvest. They would hear later the names of their lost dead—one hundred and seventeen of them. (The widows stared a little, and looked at one another here.) Gloucester could not boast any overwhelming mills or factories. Her sons worked for such wage as the sea gave; and they all knew that neither Georges nor the Banks were cow-pastures. The utmost that folk ashore could accomplish was to help the widows and the orphans; and after a few general remarks he took this opportunity of thanking, in the name of the city, those who had so public-spiritedly consented to participate in the exercises.

"I jest despise the beggin' pieces in it," growled Disko. "It don't give folk a fair notion of us."

"Ef folk won't be fore-handed an' put by when they've the chance," returned Salters, "it stands in the nature o' things they *hev* to be 'shamed. You take warnin' by that, young feller. Riches endureth but for a season, ef you scatter them araound on lugsuries—"

"But to lose everything—everything," said Penn. "What can you do *then?* Once I"—the watery blue eyes stared up and down, as looking for something to steady them—"once I read—in a book, I think—of a boat where every one was run down—except some one—and he said to me—"

"Shucks!" said Salters, cutting in. "You read a little less an' take more int'rust in your vittles, and you'll come nearer to earnin' your keep, Penn."

Harvey, jammed among the fishermen, felt a creepy, crawly, tingling thrill that began in the back of his neck and ended at his boots. He was cold, too, though it was a warm day.

"That the actress from Philadelphia?" said Disko Troop, scowling at the platform. "You've fixed it about old man Ireson, hain't ye, Harve? Ye know why naow."

It was not "Ireson's Ride" that the woman delivered, but some sort of poem about a fishing-port called Brixham and a fleet of trawlers beating in against storm by night, while the women made a guiding fire at the head of the quay with everything they could lay hands on.

> "They took the grandam's blanket,
> Who shivered and bade them go;
> They took the baby's cradle,
> Who could not say them no."

"Whew!" said Dan, peering over Long Jack's shoulder. "That's great! Must ha' bin expensive, though."

"Ground-hog case," said the Galway man. "Badly lighted port, Danny."

> "And knew not all the while
> If they were lighting a bon-fire
> Or only a funeral pile."

The wonderful voice took hold of people by their heartstrings; and when she told how the drenched crews were flung ashore, living and dead, and they carried the bodies to the glare of the fire, asking: "Child, is this your father?" or "Wife, is this your man?" you could hear the hard breathing all over the benches.

> "And when the boats of Brixham
> Go out to face the gales,
> Think of the love that travels
> Like light upon their sails."

There was very little applause when she finished. The women were looking for their handkerchiefs, and many of the men stared at the ceiling with shiny eyes.

"H'm," said Salters, "that 'ud cost ye a dollar to hear at any theatre—maybe two. Some folk, I presoom, can afford it. Seems downright waste to me. Naow, how in Jerusalem did Cap. Bart Edwardes strike adrift here?"

"No keepin' him under," said an Eastport man behind. "He's a poet, an' he's baound to say his piece. Comes from daown aour way, too."

He did not say that Captain B. Edwardes had striven for five consecutive years to be allowed to recite a piece of his own composition on Gloucester Memorial Day. An amused and exhausted committee had at last given him his desire. The simplicity and utter happiness of the old man, as he stood up in his very best Sunday clothes, won the audience ere he opened his mouth. They sat unmurmuring through seven and thirty hatchet-made verses describing at fullest length the loss of the schooner "Joan Haskens" off the Georges in the gale of 1867, and when he came to an end they shouted with one kindly throat.

A far-sighted Boston reporter slid away for a full copy of the epic and an interview with the author; so that earth had nothing more to offer Captain Bart Edwardes, ex-whaler, shipwright, master-fisherman, and poet, in the seventy-third year of his age.

"Naow, I call that sensible," said the Eastport man. "I've bin over that ground with his writin', jest as he read it, in my two hands, and I can testify that he's got all in."

"If Dan here couldn't do better'n that with one hand before breakfast, he ought to

be switched," said Salters, upholding the honor of Massachusetts on general principles. "Not but what I'm free to own he's considerable litt'ery—fer Maine. Still—"

"Guess Uncle Salters goin' to die this trip. Fust compliment he's ever paid me," Dan sniggered. "What's wrong with you, Harve? You act all quiet and you look greenish. Feelin' sick?"

"'Don't know what's the matter with me," Harvey replied. "Seems if my insides were too big for my outsides. I'm all crowded up and shivery."

"Dispepsy? Pshaw, thet's too bad. We'll wait for the readin', an' then we'll quit, so's to catch the tide."

The widows—they were nearly all of that season's making—braced themselves rigidly like people going to be shot in cold blood, for they knew what was coming. The summer-boarder girls in pink and blue shirt-waists stopped tittering over Captain Edwardes's wonderful poem, and looked back to see why all was silent. The fishermen pressed forward as that town official who had talked with Cheyne bobbed up on the platform and began to read the year's list of losses, dividing them into months. Last September's casualties were mostly single men and strangers, but his voice rang very loud in the stillness of the hall.

"September 9th.—Schooner 'Florrie Anderson' lost, with all aboard, off the Georges. Reuben Pitman, master, 50, single, Main Street, City.

"Emil Olsen, 19, single, 329 Hammond Street, City; Denmark.

"Oscar Stanberg, single, 25, Sweden.

"Carl Stanberg, single, 28, Main Street, City.

"Pedro, supposed Madeira, single, Keene's boarding-house, City.

"Joseph Welsh, alias Joseph Wright, 30, St. John's, Newfoundland."

"No—Augusta, Maine," a voice cried from the body of the hall.

"He shipped from St. John's," said the reader, looking to see.

"I know it. He belongs in Augusta. My nevvy."

The reader made a pencilled correction on the margin of the list, and resumed:

"Same schooner, Charlie Ritchie, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, 33, single; Albert May, 267 Rogers Street, City, 27, single.

"September 27th.—Orvin Dollard, 30, married, drowned in dory off Eastern Point."

That shot went home, for one of the widows flinched where she sat, clasping and unclasping her hands. Mrs. Cheyne, who had been listening with wide-opened eyes, threw up her head and choked. Dan's mother, a few seats to the right, saw and heard and quickly moved to her side. The reading went on. By the time they reached the January and February wrecks the shots were falling thick and fast, and the widows drew breath between their teeth.

"February 14th.—Schooner 'Harry Randolph' dismasted on the way home from Newfoundland; Asa Musie, married, 32, Main Street, City, lost overboard.

"February 23d.—Schooner 'Gilbert Hope;' went astray in dory, Robert Beavon, 29, married, native of Pubnico, Nova Scotia."

But his wife was in the hall. They heard a low cry, as though a little animal had been hit. It was stifled at once, and a girl staggered out of the hall. She had been hoping against hope for months, because some who have gone adrift in dories have been miraculously picked up by deep-sea sailing-ships. Now she had her certainty, and Harvey could see the policeman on the sidewalk hailing a hack for her. "It's fifty cents to the depot"— the driver began, but the policeman held up his hand—"but I'm goin' there anyway. Jump right in. Look at here, Alf, you don't pull me next time my lamps ain't lit. See?"

The side-door closed on the patch of bright sunshine, and Harvey's eyes turned again to the reader and his endless list.

"April 19th.—Schooner 'Mamie Douglas' lost on the Banks with all hands.

"Edward Canton, 43, master, married, City.

"D. Hawkins, alias Williams, 34, married, Shelbourne, Nova Scotia.

"G. W. Clay, colored, 28, married, City."

And so on, and so on. Great lumps were rising in Harvey's throat, and his stomach reminded him of the day when he fell from the liner.

"May 10th.—Schooner 'We're Here' [the blood tingled all over him]. Otto Svendson, 20, single, City, lost overboard."

Once more a low, tearing cry from somewhere at the back of the hall.

"She shouldn't ha' come. She shouldn't ha' come," said Long Jack, with a cluck of pity.

"Don't scrowge, Harve," grunted Dan. Harvey heard that much, but the rest was all darkness spotted with fiery wheels. Disko leaned forward and spoke to his wife, where she sat with one arm round Mrs. Cheyne and the other holding down the snatching, catching, ringed hands.

"Lean your head daown—right daown!" she whispered. "It'll go off in a minute."

"I ca-an't—I do-don't—Oh, let me—" Mrs. Cheyne did not at all know what she said.

"You must," Mrs. Troop repeated. "Your boy's jest fainted dead away. They do that some when they're gettin' their growth. Wish to tend to him? We can git aout this side. Quite quiet. You come right along with me. Psha, my dear; we're both women, I guess: we must tend to aour men-folk. Come!"

The "We're Heres" promptly went through the crowd as a bodyguard, and it was a very white and shaken Harvey that they propped up on a bench in an anteroom.

"Favors his ma," was Mrs. Troop's only comment, as the mother bent over her boy.

"How d'you suppose he could ever stand it?" she cried indignantly to Cheyne, who had said nothing at all. "It was horrible—horrible. We shouldn't have come. It's wrong and wicked! It—it isn't right! Why—why couldn't they put these things in the papers—where they belong. Are you better, darling?"

That made Harvey very properly ashamed. "Oh, I'm all right, I guess," he said, struggling to his feet, with a broken giggle. "Must ha' been something I ate for breakfast."

"Coffee, perhaps," said Cheyne, whose face was all in hard lines, as though it had been cut out of bronze. "We won't go back again."

"Guess 'twould be 'baout's well to git daown to the wharf," said Disko. "It's close in along with them Dagoes, an' the fresh air will fetch Mrs. Cheyne araound."

Harvey announced that he never felt better in his life, but it was not till he saw the "We're Here," fresh from the lumper's hands at Wouverman's Wharf, that he lost his all-overish feelings, in a queer mixture of pride and sorrowfulness. Other people—summer boarders and such-like—played about in cat-boats or looked at the sea from pier-heads, but he understood things from the inside—more things than he could begin to think about. None the less, he could have sat down and howled because the little schooner was going off. Mrs. Cheyne simply cried and cried every step of the way, and said most extraordinary things to Mrs. Troop, who "babied" her till Dan, who had not been "babied" since he was six, whistled aloud.

And so the old crowd—Harvey felt like the most ancient of mariners—dropped into the old schooner among the battered dories, while Harvey slipped the stern-fast from the pier-head and they slid her along the wharf-side with their hands. Every one wanted to say so much that no one said anything in particular. Harvey bade Dan take care of Uncle Salters's sea-boots and Penn's dory-anchor, and Long Jack entreated Harvey to remember his lessons in seamanship; but the jokes fell flat in the presence of the two women, and it is hard to be funny with green harbor-water widening between good friends.

"Up jib and fores'le," shouted Disko, getting to the wheel, as the wind took her. "See you later, Harve. Dunno but I come near thinkin' a heap o' you an' your folks."

Then she glided beyond earshot, and they sat down to watch her up the harbor. And still Mrs. Cheyne wept.

"Psha, my dear," said Mrs. Troop; "we're both women, I guess. Like's not it'll ease your heart to hev your cry aout. God He knows it never done me a mite o' good, but then He knows I've had something to cry fer!"

. . . . . .

Now it was four good years later, and upon the other edge of America, that a young man came through the clammy sea-fog up a windy street which is flanked with most expensive houses, built of wood to imitate stone. To him, as he was standing by a hammered iron gate, entered on horseback—and the horse would have been cheap at a thousand dollars—another young man. And this is what they said:

"Hello, Dan!"

"Hello, Harve!"

"What's the best with you?"

"Well, I'm so's to be that kind o' animal called second-mate this trip. Ain't you most through with that triple-invoiced college o' yours?"

"Getting that way. I tell you the Leland Stanford, Junior, isn't a circumstance to the old 'We're Here,' but I'm coming into the business for keeps next fall."

"Meanin' aour packets?"

"Nothing else. You just wait till I get my knife into you, Dan. I'm going to make the old line lie down and cry when I take hold."

"I'll resk it," said Dan, with a brotherly grin, as Harvey dismounted and asked whether he were coming in.

"That's what I took the cable fer; but, say, is the Doctor anywheres araound? I'll draown that crazy nigger some day, his one cussed joke an' all."

There was a low triumphant chuckle, as the ex-cook of the "We're Here" came out of the fog to take the horse's bridle. He

allowed no one else to attend to any of Harvey's wants.

"Thick as the Banks, ain't, it Doctor?" said Dan, propitiatingly.

But the coal-black Celt with the second-sight did not see fit to reply till he had tapped Dan on the shoulder, and for the twentieth time croaked the old, old prophecy in his ear:

"Master—man. Man—master," said he. "You remember, Dan Troop? On the 'We're Here'?"

"Well, I won't go so far as to deny that it do look like it as things stand at present," said Dan. "She was an able packet, and one way an' another I owe her a heap—her and dad."

"Me too," quoth Harvey Cheyne.

THE END.

MR. KIPLING'S TRUTH TO FACT IN "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

IN this number of McCLURE'S is published the final instalment of Mr. Kipling's masterly story of "Captains Courageous." The several instalments have attracted wide attention as they appeared, and have started some very interesting points of discussion. One of these was as to Skipper Ireson—whether he had had an injustice done his memory in the story told of him in Whittier's ballad of "Skipper Ireson's Ride." The interesting communication from Captain John Codman, published in the March number, seemed to amply sustain the contention of Captain Disko Troop, in "Captains Courageous," that such injustice had been done, and that for once Whittier "slipped up." Mr. Kipling's purpose in taking up the subject was probably not so much to set Skipper Ireson right before the world as to truly show forth Captain Troop; but whichever was his primary aim, he receives in Captain Codman's letter a strong testimony to his thoroughness and accuracy.

Another point that has been raised, and even a more interesting one, is as to the descent of the negro cook of the "We're Here." He is represented as the descendant of Southern negroes who had fled to the interior of Cape Breton and as reared to speak Gaelic. This the editor of the "Marine Journal" of New York conceived to be an error, and in a recent number of his paper said:

As a matter of fact, although the people of Cape Breton are largely Highland Scotch, negroes are as scarce among them as skunks, which means that there are none in the island. Indeed, we have known the colored cook of a vessel that put into Sydney, C. B., to be followed around the streets there by a crowd as a curiosity. There are settlements of ex-slaves in Nova Scotia, near Halifax, but they do not speak Gaelic, and we believe there is a settlement of Gaelic-speaking negroes somewhere in Carolina. But there are no settlements of negroes, and much less Gaelic-speaking negroes, in Cape Breton.

This article was reprinted at North Sydney, Cape Breton, in the "Herald" newspaper, and immediately called forth several letters of refutation. We print herewith two that are of particular interest.

ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, *January* 25, 1897.

To the Editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE:

The New York "Marine Journal," in a criticism of Kipling's "Captains Courageous," now running in your valued magazine, claims that the author has fallen into an error when he represents the cook of the "We're Here" as a Cape Breton negro, the descendant of Southern slaves, etc. In some respects, at least, no mistake has been committed. There are at least two negro families living in Inverness County, Cape Breton, who are in all probability the descendants of fugitive slaves. These negroes, living in a community of Highland Scotchmen or their descendants, soon acquired the language of the Gael. I remember meeting one of these colored people a few years ago. He was cook on a trading schooner, and was as black as any Southern negro. He not only spoke Gaelic, but could write in that language as well, and I had in possession for some time verses of a Gaelic song written by this colored cook. From what I knew of him I could say that he was the cook so faithfully portrayed by the master hand of Kipling.

D. F.

POSTE RESTANTE, CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA, *February* 5, 1897.

To the Editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE:

The enclosed cutting from the North Sydney "Herald," Cape Breton, speaks for itself. Rudyard Kipling does not err. In defence of his statement I beg to state that there are two families of Gaelic-speaking negroes at West Bay, in Cape Breton; also another family at Whycocomagh—both places in Inverness County, Cape Breton. Doubtless others have advised you of this, but in order to preclude any chances of non-acquaintance on this subject, I have taken the liberty to send you this information.

Your obedient servant,

DANVERS OSBORN.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. Died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE first portrait of Daniel Webster that we know, is of especial interest from its romantic history. It was painted when Webster, at twenty-two, was paying his addresses to Grace Fletcher, who, four years later, became his wife. By whom it was drawn is not known, but Daniel gave it to Grace, and, upon her death, he gave it to her sister, Rebecca, the wife of his kinsman, Israel Webster Kelley, of Webster's native town, Salisbury (now Franklin), New Hampshire. From Mrs. Kelley it has descended to the Rev. Webster Kelley Peirce of Brimfield, Massachusetts, but was found too late to reproduce here.

As early as the time of his marriage Webster's striking appearance had begun to be noted. "His large lustrous eyes, which later shone forth from their cavernous depths, and massive brow, dominated over the other features, which were sharply cut, refined, and delicate; while the paleness of his olive complexion was heightened by hair as black as the raven's wing." This is as he is finely depicted in an early portrait, by an unknown hand and of uncertain date, belonging to the Long Island Historical Society, wherein Webster's conscious ideality and spirituality are portrayed with a prescience quite remarkable considering that he was only then entering upon his great career.

Portraits are here reproduced painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1822 and 1824, by Francis Alexander in 1835, by Hiram Powers in 1836, by Thomas Bayley Lawson in 1844, by Chester Harding in 1845, by F. de Berg Richards in 1846, by Southworth and Hawes in 1850, by Ormsby and Silsbee in 1851, and by Joseph Ames and by J. W. Black in 1852. These eleven pictures by no means exhaust the portraits of Webster. Their number is legion. Charles Bird King, who studied in England with Leslie and Morse, and for forty years had a studio in Washington, District of Columbia, where he painted all the notabilities of the period, painted a portrait of Webster in 1817, which he bequeathed to the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island; and another by King is in the Ogle-Tayloe collection at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Miss Sarah Goodridge made at least five miniatures of him from life. The first, painted in 1827, was done for Eliza Buckminster Lee, and is now in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In a letter from Webster to the artist, now before me, he writes, relative to this picture: "I owe you an apology for not calling on you before I left home, after receiving the miniature, to tell you how very much it satisfied Mrs. Webster and also the person for whom it was designed. They thought it a very good likeness and are well pleased with it." This portrait was engraved for the "Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster" in 1857. Miss Goodridge subsequently painted miniatures of Webster in 1831, 1833, 1836, and about 1845. One of these is in the collection of Miss Walker of Boston; another is owned by Senator Lodge; a third belongs to the artist's nephew, Mr. Edward Appleton, while the latest, an unfinished sketch, is in the possession of the writer.

James Barton Longacre, the accomplished engraver who, for more than a quarter of a century, held that official position in the United States Mint and earlier projected the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans," drew several portraits of Webster in sepia. Two of these he engraved, one in 1830 and the other in 1833, and both are interesting heads.

George Linen, a Scotchman who came to this country in 1834 and acquired celebrity for his small cabinet portraits, painted Webster, at Marshfield, in 1838. This portrait is owned by Mrs. John B. Linen of Buffalo, New York, but it does not respond satisfactorily to the camera. Richard Morell Staigg, the most eminent of the latter-day miniaturists, painted at Washington, in 1844, a portrait of Webster which is now owned by the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It was exquisitely engraved by that master of delicate work, John Cheney, and a replica belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Albert Gallatin Hoit painted a portrait for Paran Stevens, which hung for years in the Revere House, Boston, and now belongs to the Union League Club, New York. Webster was also painted by James Frothingham and by John Pope, drawn by W. J. Hubard and by Eastman Johnson, and modeled by John Frazee in 1833, by Shobel Vail Clevenger in 1839, by Clark Mills in 1849, and by John C. King in 1850. From the bust by Clevenger was taken the head that so long ornamented the old orange fifteen-cent postage stamp.

Harding, Ames, and Healy seem to have run a pretty even race in delineating him. They evidently kept him on hand, much as Stuart kept his "pot-boiler" portraits of Washington. It is claimed that Harding painted him from life nine times, Ames a like number, and Healy but one less. From my investigations I am satisfied that while each was almost continuously painting Webster, and sometimes from life sittings, most of the pictures of him by these men are mere repetitions, with variations of pose and change in details.

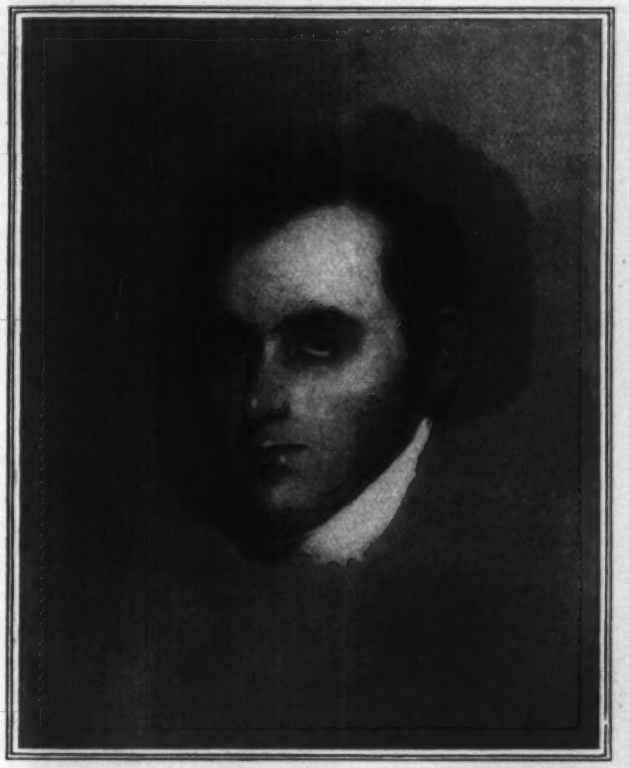
Webster, by his will, left to his granddaughter Caroline LeRoy Appleton—Madame Jerome Bonaparte of Washington—the portrait of himself by Healy "which now hangs in the southeast parlor at Marshfield." There was another of him by Healy burned in the fire at Marshfield in 1878. The original study for the portrait in Healy's familiar picture of "Webster's reply to Hayne," which hangs in Faneuil Hall, is dated "Marshfield, Nov. 13, 1848," and belongs to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan of Elmhurst, Illinois, who also owns a finished sketch, by Healy, of Webster in his hunting garb, with gun in one hand and game in the other. The latter was Healy's last portrait of him from life. Both have been often reproduced. An earlier portrait of Webster, painted by Healy (1842), with a companion picture of Lord Ashburton, hangs in the State Department at Washington, while a replica of it is in the New York Historical Society. There are, of course, many other portraits of Webster by Healy that are claimed to be original, but it is impossible to assign their places or determine their authenticity, with the facilities at hand.

Portraits of Webster by Ames are at Dartmouth College, Exeter Academy, and in the Somerset Club, Boston. Ames's composition called "Last Days of Webster at Marshfield," made familiar by the engraving, is in the possession of R. M. Foote of Boston.

Chester Harding's first and best portrait of Webster, painted in 1828, belongs to Mrs. Abbott Lawrence of Boston, and was finely engraved by S. A. Schoff for the "Works of Daniel Webster." The picture by him that for so long was a feature of Stetson's Astor House, Mr. Webster's headquarters in New York, now belongs to the Hon. Robert F. Stockton of Trenton, New Jersey. The head in the full-length picture in the Boston Athenæum, painted by Harding in the winter of 1847-48, is much like the Lawson portrait. The figure was not painted from Webster, but from John Tucker, the proprietor of the old Tremont House, Boston. A composite portrait made by Harding in 1855 for Hon. J. M. Thompson of Springfield, is owned by the Algonquin Club of Boston.

It would be impossible, if it were desirable, to note all the daguerreotypes and talbottypes that were taken of Mr. Webster. They would form a good-sized portrait gallery by themselves. There are, however, curiosities of Webster portraiture that must not be neglected. A painting that was one of the treasures of the Webster Historical Society was secured, on the disbandment of the society, by Tilly Haynes, of the United States Hotel, in Boston, who sold it to Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago, as "one of three painted by Harding." The frame was recently removed, and beneath the spandrel, on the canvas, hidden from view, was the unknown signature of "Emory Seamon, pinxt, 1854," showing that it was painted two years after Webster's death. There are two pictures of Webster sitting against a tree, wearing one of his favorite big soft hats. One faces to the right, and is called "Webster at Marshfield," by Healy, and the other faces to the left, and is called "Webster at Franklin," by Ames. This is surely the Barnum show of "pays your money and takes your choice;" for both have evidently been copied, with some variations, from the same original, and that, apparently, a daguerreotype. Another more remarkable curiosity will be found noted under Harding's portrait of Webster at 63, on page 624.

Mr. Webster was twice married: in June 1808, to Grace Fletcher, who died January 21, 1828; and in December, 1829, to Caroline LeRoy, who died February 28, 1882. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Charles H. Joy and of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, we are enabled to reproduce, for the first time, portraits of both the first and the second Mrs. Webster.



WEBSTER ABOUT 1822. AGE 40. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

WEBSTER ABOUT 1822. AGE 40. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, owned by Mr. Henry Parkman, Boston. Panel, 24 by 30 inches. This unfinished head is perhaps more interesting artistically than historically. It shows how the master portrait painter of America worked; but is hardly far enough advanced to be valuable as a portrait. Stuart was such an erratic individual that it is difficult to imagine why he left this portrait unfinished as he left also portraits of Bowditch, Story, Sparks, Everett, and others. It may be that he was not satisfied with it and contemplated beginning anew; or he may have been so well satisfied with it that he hesitated to proceed further. Whatever his reason was, we can only regret that his high mightiness did not complete what he had so well begun. It was painted at the order of Mr. Edmund Dwight of Boston, the grandfather of the present owner, who, after Stuart's death, went to the artist's studio and carried the panel off.

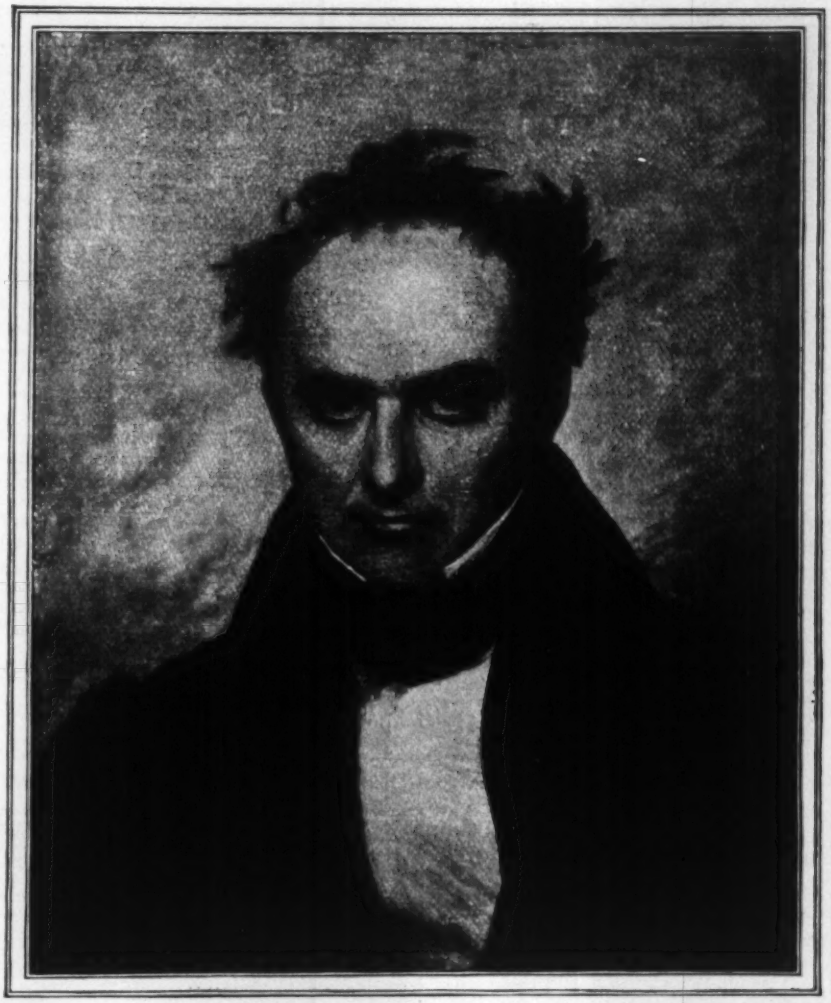
WEBSTER ABOUT 1824. AGE 42. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

From the original portrait by Gilbert Stuart, owned by Mr. George Frederick Williams, Dedham, Massachusetts. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. This portrait has never been reproduced before, and so hidden from view has it been that it is not mentioned in the list of the painter's works given in Mason's Life of Stuart or in that more complete one printed in the catalogue of the Stuart exhibition, by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in 1880. It comes forth, therefore, in the light of a new discovery. It was painted for that warm friend of both painter and subject, Isaac P. Davis of Boston, and hung for years in his parlor. One day while visiting Mr. Davis, Webster stood for some time before the picture, and making a low bow to it said: "I am willing *that* shall go down to posterity." When Webster sat for this portrait he had just returned from Washington "looking pale and thin and far from well, yet the picture has the depth of expression for which he was so remarkable." Mr. Davis subsequently gave the picture to Webster, and it hung at Marshfield, where it was saved from the fire that destroyed the historic house. It was then given by Mrs. Fletcher Webster to the present owner, who for years was her trusted counselor and friend. A copy by Jane Stuart, made for Mr. James W. Paige, Webster's brother-in-law, is in the possession of Mrs. Abbott Lawrence of Boston.

WEBSTER ABOUT 1824. AGE 42. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

WEBSTER IN 1835.
AGE 53.
PAINTED BY
FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

From the original portrait by Francis Alexander, owned by Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. Canvas, 24x30 inches. Francis Alexander was born in Killingsby, Connecticut, February 3, 1800, and died in Florence, Italy, in 1880. At the age of twenty he went to New York, and was received as a pupil at the Columbian Academy, and subsequently opened a studio in Boston, where he was eminently successful as a portrait painter. He went to Italy in 1831, and remained about two years, when he reëstablished himself in Boston, but later took up a permanent residence in Florence. His portrait of Webster has never before been reproduced, and is a fine representation of "Black Dan." It is signed on the back, "Painted by Fr. Alexander for Dartmouth College. Boston, December, 1835."



WEBSTER IN 1835. AGE 53. PAINTED BY FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

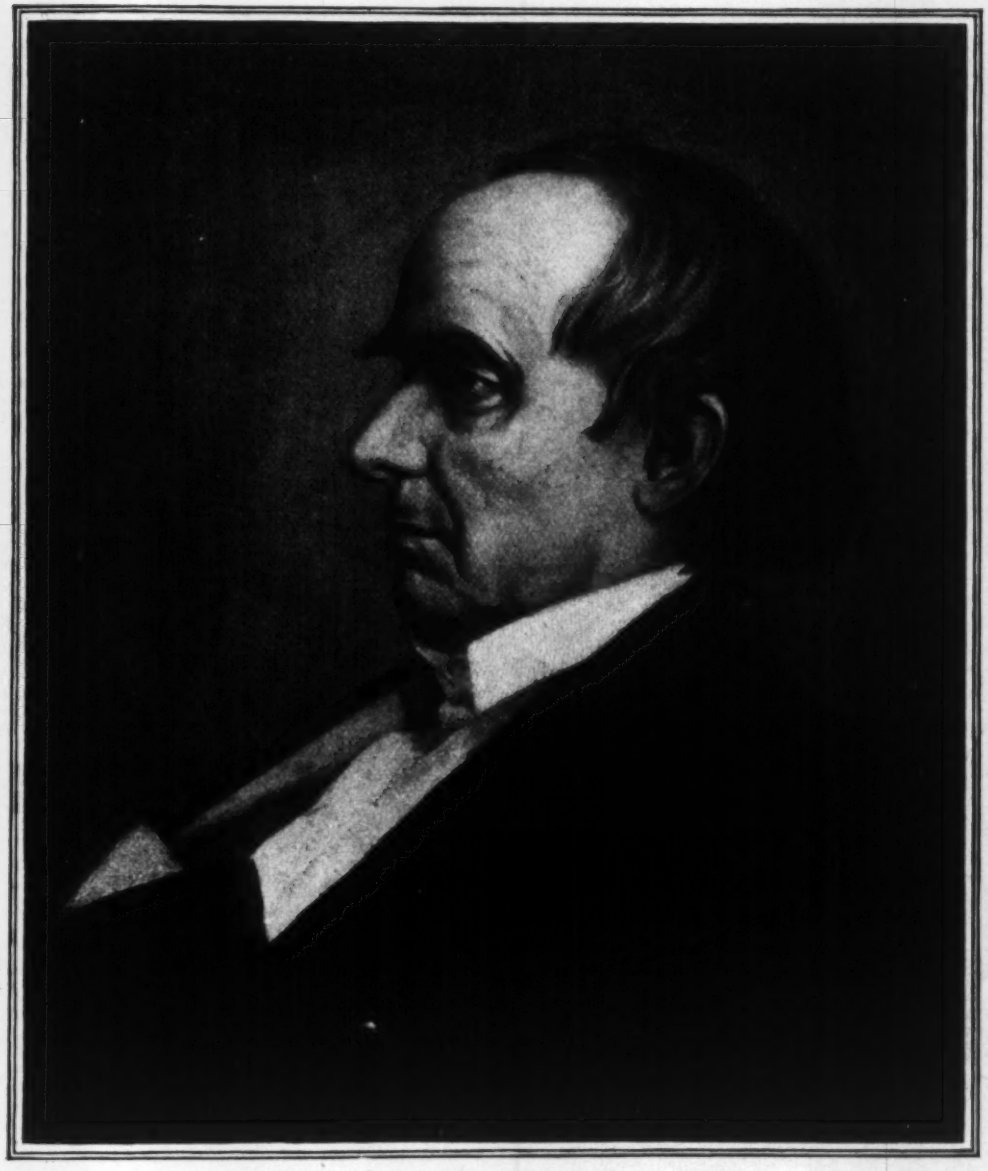
DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1836. AGE 54.
MODELED BY HIRAM POWERS.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1836. AGE 54. MODELED BY HIRAM POWERS.

From the original marble by Hiram Powers, owned by the Athenæum, Boston, Massachusetts. Hiram Powers was born in Woodstock, Vermont, July 29, 1805, and died in Florence, Italy, June 27, 1873. At fourteen he went with his family to Ohio, and having been apprenticed to a clock and organ builder in Cincinnati, developed those mechanical instincts which in his later occupation stood him in such good stead. He had just attained his majority when the opportunity presented itself that made him a sculptor. Lafayette had passed through Cincinnati, and with his French complacency had sat for his bust to a Mr. Eckstein, whose studio was near Powers's factory. From a desultory visitor, Powers had become a constant attendant at Eckstein's studio, and his first work was to cast the bust of "the nation's guest" from the clay model. Subsequently he made wax figures for a local museum, the superior merit of which was discovered by Mrs. Trollope. A bust he made of M. Hervieu, a French artist who was Mrs. Trollope's fellow traveler, seems to have been his real starting piece as a sculptor. He visited Washington during the winters of 1834–1835 and 1835–1836, where he blocked out the bust of Webster here reproduced; but it was finished at Marshfield, where Powers was for some time Webster's guest. The next year he went to Florence, which was destined to be his future home. Thence came to this country his most famous marble, "The Greek Slave," which he repeated six or eight times, one repetition being in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C. Thorwaldsen, whose name in those days was one to conjure with, is said to have pronounced the somewhat doubtful compliment on Powers's bust of Webster, that it was "the best work of the kind executed in modern times." Powers had consummate taste, but his portrait busts are weak; they lack character.

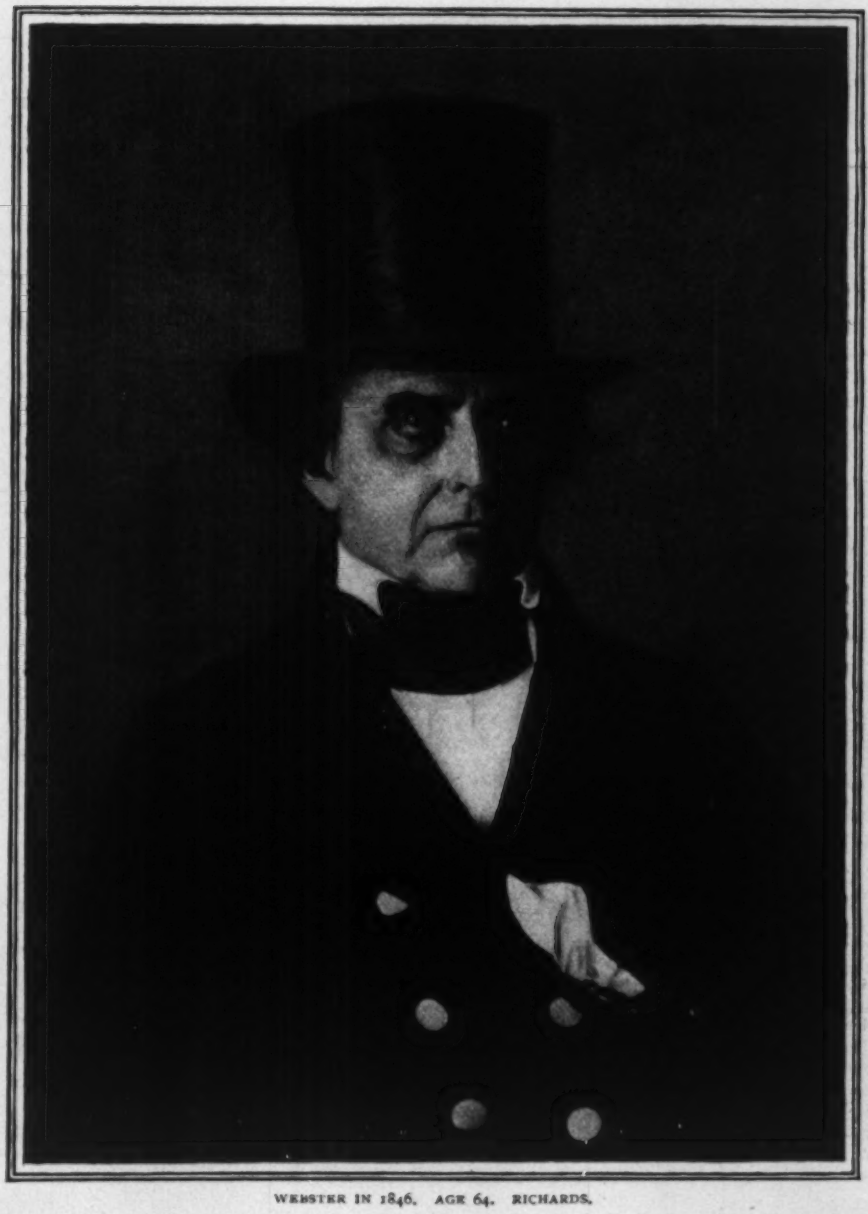
WEBSTER IN 1844. AGE 62. PAINTED BY THOMAS BAYLEY LAWSON.

From a copyrighted photograph by Curtis and Cameron of the original portrait painted by T. B. Lawson. The original is now in the possession of Mr. Walter U. Lawson of Boston. Canvas, 24 inches by 30 inches. Thomas Bayley Lawson was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, January 13, 1807, and died in Lowell, Massachusetts, June 4, 1888. He went to New York in 1831, and for six months drew from the antique at the National Academy of Design; then returned to Newburyport, and began portrait painting. In 1844 he visited Washington, and had twelve sittings from Webster in his own home, which resulted in the portrait here reproduced. Webster was wont to refer to this picture as having probably saved his life. He remained at home to give Mr. Lawson a sitting, instead of accompanying the Presidential party aboard the "Princeton," the day the big gun burst and killed several persons, including two cabinet officers. After the picture was finished, it was exhibited in the rotunda of the Capitol. Webster's comment on it was, "*That is the face I shave.*" There are a dozen or more replicas of it, one being a full length, the figure painted from a daguerreotype, which was engraved, and another being preserved at Dartmouth College, the *alma mater* of Mr. Webster. To the owner of this portrait the writer is indebted for much good service in the preparation of this article.



WEBSTER IN 1845. AGE 63. PAINTED BY CHESTER HARDING.

From the painting by Chester Harding, owned by Mr. C. J. H. Woodbury, Lynn, Massachusetts. Canvas, 22 by 27 inches. The portrait here reproduced is claimed to be an original "painted for Samuel Dexter Bradford of Boston, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1845, immediately after Webster's return from the first session of Congress, of his second term in the Senate." It was afterward owned by James Lorimer Graham of New York, from whose nephew it was purchased by the present owner. Another portrait by Harding, identical with this one, is owned by Mr. W. W. Scranton of Scranton, Pennsylvania, "which portrait," Mr. Scranton writes, "Mr. Webster had painted for his second wife. It hung for many years in Mrs. Webster's room in the New York Hotel, where my sister, who married Mrs. Webster's great-nephew, H. W. Le Roy, frequently saw it. Mrs. Webster told my sister that both she and Mr. Webster regarded it as the most satisfactory of the various portraits of Mr. Webster. After Mrs. Webster's death it was bought by Lemuel B. Clark, on whose death I bought it from his daughter." A similar portrait appears as the frontispiece to the second volume of Curtis's "Life of Webster," inscribed, "From a portrait by Chester Harding, in the possession of General James H. Van Allen, of New York, painted in 1849." A duplicate of this is given in the published proceedings of the Webster Centennial at Marshfield in 1882, by the Webster Historical Society, with the inscription, "From a daguerreotype taken at Franklin, New Hampshire, July, 1852, and presented to Stephen M. Allen by Mr. Webster. The last picture from life ever taken of Mr. Webster." An inspection of this daguerreotype would determine whether it was taken from a painting or from life; if the latter, it is obvious that the paintings are not originals, but from it. Both statements cannot be correct, nor could each one of the three paintings be an original from life. As a portrait it is certainly one of the strongest characterizations of Webster that we have, "showing the intellectual development overshadowing the deep cavernous eye, while the lower portions of the face indicate a nature unable to resist itself."



WEBSTER IN 1846. AGE 64. RICHARDS.

From the original daguerreotype by Richards of Philadelphia, in his possession. F. De Berg Richards was born in Wilmington, Delaware, June 26, 1822. He became a portrait painter, but soon turned to landscapes and marines. He was early attracted by the possibilities of the daguerreotype, and after several fruitless attempts, with improvised cameras, succeeded in his endeavor and was among the first to follow daguerreotyping successfully as a business. His collection of daguerreotypes of distinguished personages taken by himself is most important and interesting. The one of Webster here reproduced was taken at the request of Dr. George McClellan, the father of General McClellan, who was secretary to a body of citizens of Philadelphia who had invited Webster to a public dinner. The banquet was given in the old Chinese Museum on December 2, 1846, when, on account of the coldness of the hall, Webster asked permission to wear his hat while speaking. The next morning Mr. Richards went with Dr. McClellan to the Washington House to arrange with Webster for a sitting; but his humor was not propitious for the undertaking, as some unpatriotic creditor was clamoring for his due. This was speedily settled by the company of the previous night, and, about two o'clock, Webster arrived at the gallery with Dr. McClellan. As they entered Mr. Richards said, "Stand just as you are, Mr. Webster; we wish to take you first with your hat on." "Your first will be your last, young man," roared the statesman. But when at the end of eleven seconds Mr. Richards spoke the familiar "That will do," Webster said, "What, all done? Why, in Boston they will set your —— eyes out." He then gave a sitting to Mr. Richards's partner, M. P. Simons, when a portrait was obtained which was engraved by the now venerable John Sartain, for the published proceedings of the dinner. Mr. Sartain told the writer that Webster also gave him a sitting to correct the plate. The heretofore printed accounts of this famous "Hat-portrait of Webster" are incorrect in ascribing it to an occasion three years later.

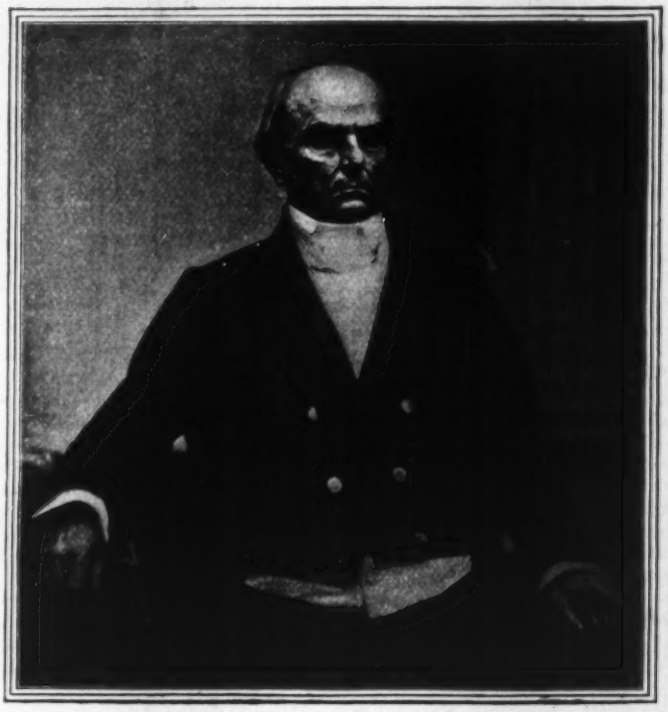
WEBSTER IN 1852. AGE 70. PAINTED BY JOSEPH AMES.

WEBSTER IN 1852. AGE 70. PAINTED BY JOSEPH AMES.

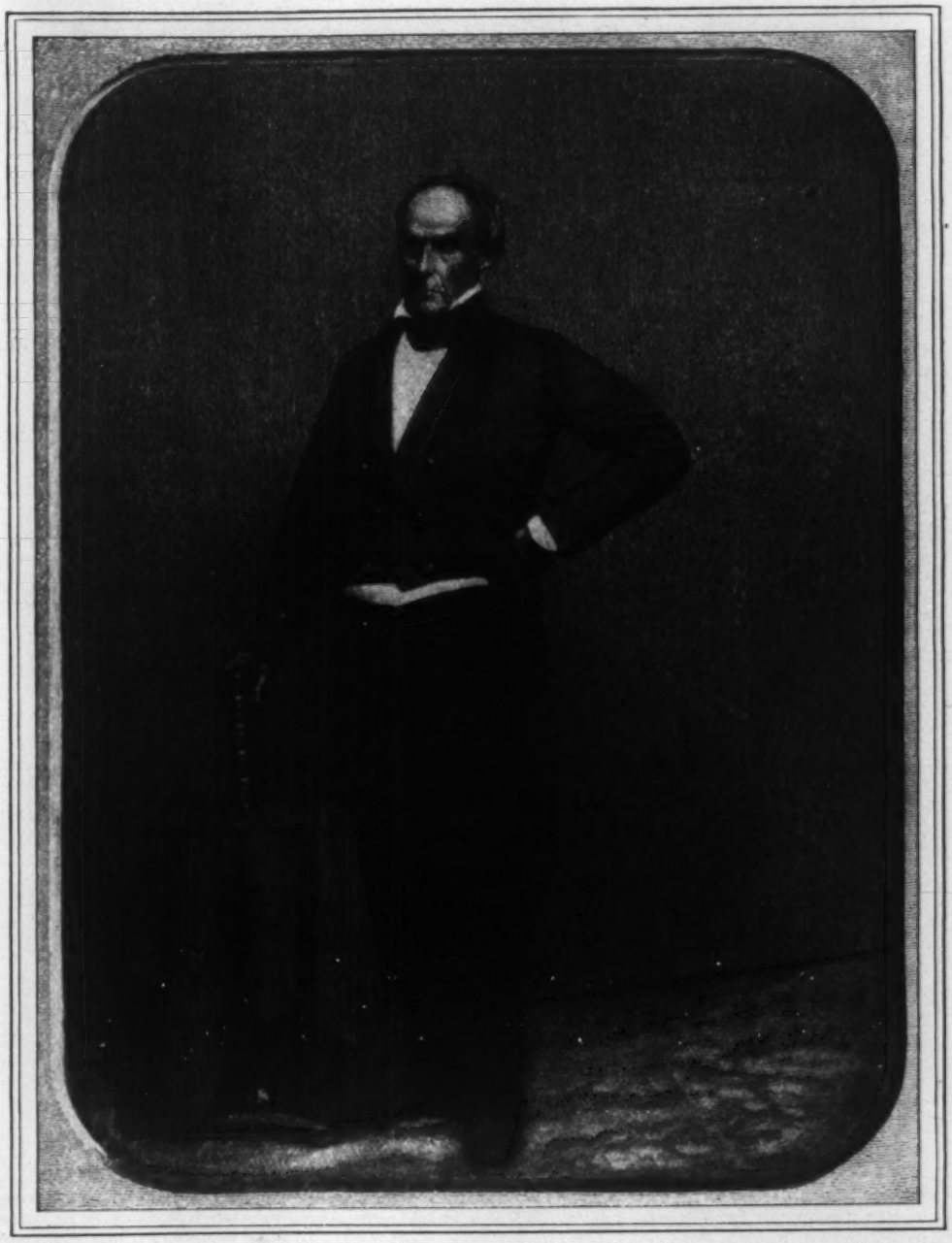
From the original portrait painted by Joseph Ames, owned by Mrs. Charles H. Joy, Boston, Massachusetts. Canvas, 36 by 48 inches. Joseph Ames was born in Roxbury, New Hampshire, in 1816, and died in New York, October 30, 1872. He early opened a studio in Boston, and as soon as he had the means went to Rome to study. While there he was accorded permission to paint the Pope, Pius IX., for the Americans. On his return he settled in Boston, later removed to Baltimore, and finally to New York, where, in 1871, he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design. He painted many portraits of Webster, that reproduced here being not only his last but the last of Webster painted from life. It is true that the pose and appearance of the man seem to be some years younger than in the earlier daguerreotypes. But, while the canvas is not dated, Fletcher Webster gave this year to the bust portrait that was painted at the same time. The latter is also owned by Mrs. Joy, who has too the hat and rod depicted in this canvas. Ames was a much better artist than he is commonly esteemed. He knew when a picture was *done*, whether it was "finished" or not. It is this quality that gives such fine character to much of his portrait work, well illustrated by the accompanying reproduction.

WEBSTER IN 1850. AGE 68. SOUTHWORTH AND HAWES.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston. Josiah J. Hawes, who, in his ninetieth year, still occupies the old gallery on the top floor of No. 19 Tremont Row, Boston, in which the daguerreotype here reproduced was taken by him and his partner Albert S. Southworth, says that the sitting was given by Webster on the 22d day of April, 1850, directly upon his arrival from Marshfield on his way to Washington. Later the same day, in Bowdoin Square, in front of the Revere House, Webster addressed the people of Boston, after being refused the use of Faneuil Hall to defend his famous "Seventh-of-March" speech, the speech that split the Whig party into fragments and alienated many of Webster's closest friends. This is doubtless the best of the latest portraits of Webster, for it shows no decadence. An enlarged reproduction of the head in this picture will be found in McClure's Magazine for November, 1896.

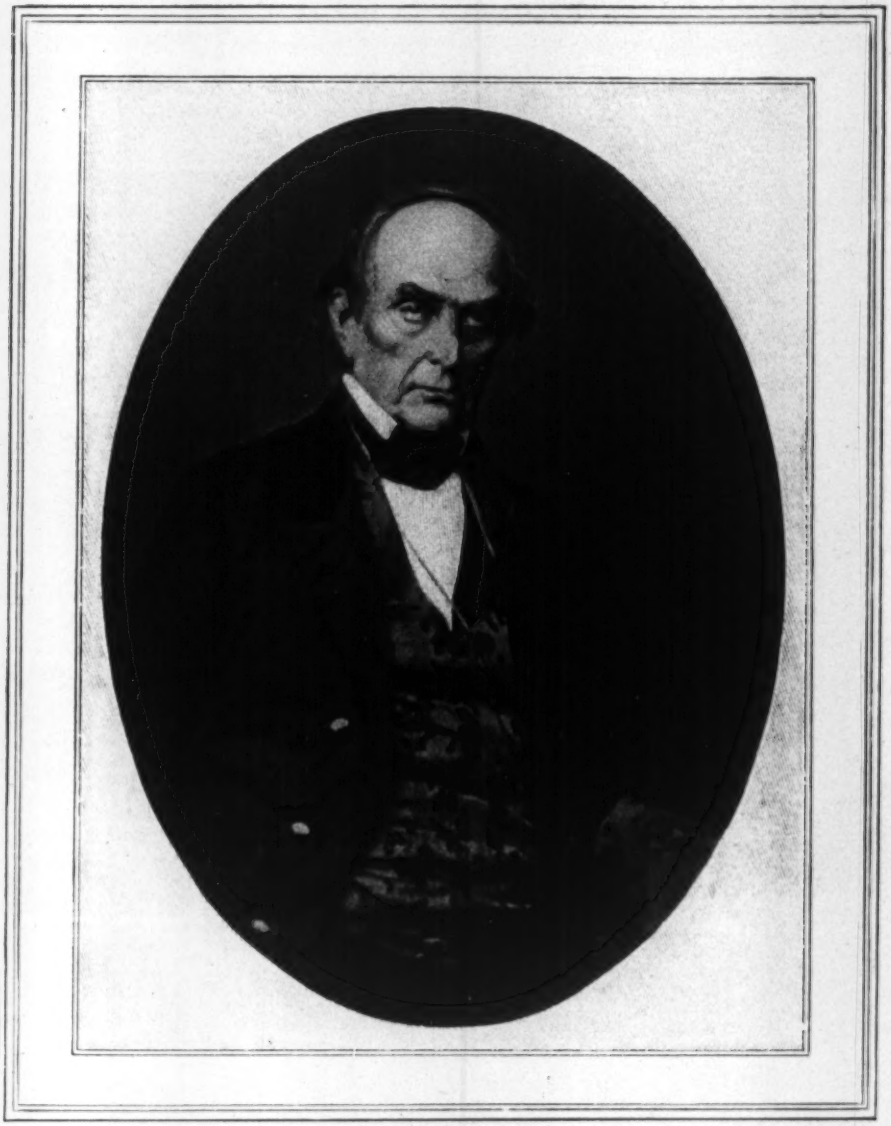


WEBSTER IN 1850. AGE 68. SOUTHWORTH AND HAWES.



WEBSTER IN 1851, AGE 69. ORMSBY AND SILSBEE.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mr. Walter U. Lawson. This daguerreotype is claimed to be the last taken of Mr. Webster. He sat for it at the request of Mr. Henry Williams, the print publisher of Boston, to enable Mr. Thomas Bayley Lawson to paint from it the whole-length figure to a repetition of the portrait he had painted of Webster from life in 1844. The painting thus produced was engraved, and the result was the plate made by Wagstaff and Andrews. The daguerreotype is particularly interesting as a faithful rendering from life of Mr. Webster's stature, no longer borne with that dignity which so strongly impressed every one, but with the painful evidence of declining physical force.



WEBSTER IN 1852(?) AGE 70. BLACK.

From the original daguerreotype owned by J. W. Black & Co., Boston. The history of this most interesting daguerreotype is entirely unknown. From its present ownership, it was without doubt taken by the late J. W. Black, or by his one-time partner, John A. Whipple, pioneer and prominent daguerreotypists of Boston, having established themselves as early as 1840. Its expression and character plainly point to the closing days of Mr. Webster, and it is pathetic in its exact portrayal of the declining statesman. It is these unique qualities that give it a place here when its date and authorship are undetermined.

GRACE FLETCHER WEBSTER IN 1827. AGE 46. PAINTED BY CHESTER HARDING.

From the original portrait painted by Chester Harding, owned by Mrs. Charles H. Joy, Boston. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. Chester Harding was born in Conway, Massachusetts, September 1, 1792, and died in Boston, Massachusetts, April 1, 1866. He began life a jack-of-all-trades, and wended his way as far as Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in house painting until a chance acquaintance with an itinerant portrait painter turned him in that direction. He worked in St. Louis and through Kentucky until he accumulated funds sufficient to take him to Philadelphia, where he spent some time in the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He then passed three years in England, and upon his return, in 1826, settled in Boston, where he soon became the fashion, owing to a successful portrait he painted of Miss Emily Marshall, the reigning belle and beauty of Boston. The following year he painted Mrs. Webster, and soon after his first portrait of Mr. Webster. This picture is nearly as interesting as a fashion plate of the period as it is as a portrait of Daniel Webster's first wife. She is represented in the costume she wore (pearl-colored hat and pelisse) two years before at the Bunker Hill celebration, when Mr. Webster delivered his memorable oration on laying the corner-stone of the monument. The picture met so cordially Mr. Webster's approval that he volunteered to sit to Harding for his own portrait as soon as he could command the leisure, and did sit to him the following year.

CAROLINE LEROY WEBSTER IN 1845. AGE 48. DRAWN BY S. E. DUBOURGAL.

From the original drawing by Dubourgal, owned by Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Boston. Savinien Edome Dubourgal was born in Paris in 1795, and died there in 1853. He was a pupil of Girodet, and of the École des Beaux Arts. He first exhibited at the Salon of 1824, and thereafter, with few intermissions, until the year of his death, when he contributed a water-color portrait of President Polk. He painted chiefly in miniature, and his work is much esteemed. He was intimate with Healy, who calls him his "dearest and best friend." Mrs. Webster, who was the daughter of Jacob LeRoy of New Rochelle, N. Y., was noted for her personal beauty and commanding social qualities. She survived her distinguished husband thirty years, dying shortly after the centennial celebration of his birthday. The present reproduction is from a photograph by Baldwin Coolidge.

A LOYAL COMRADE.

By Captain Musgrove Davis.

THE One Hundred and Ninety-ninth New York had in its conglomerate aggregation two men—tentmates — who were utterly and hopelessly paralyzed, morally. Physically, they were giants; ethically, they were wrecks.

Both in stealings by day and revelings by night they were constant companions, and while they fought each other like wildcats, woe betide the outsider who should try to make peace between them.

Moran was tall, lean, and round-shouldered, with a head of hair like a red chrysanthemum and eyes like black buttons. His clothes seemed to hang on him only from his neck. He had a foot like a plantation darky's, and hands made the same day.

McFeeley was also tall. From behind he was an Apollo; but in front he carried a face that would stop a clock—an ideal "plug-ugly" countenance.

Yes, they were in my company. Either could have annihilated me with one stroke of the hand; but in some way I had gained their confidence and could lead—not drive—them almost at will and in almost any stage of debauch. On the march I was not allowed to carry even my blanket, and they would forage for me (and themselves) at the risk of their lives.

Into the second battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862, McFeeley carried a black eye. He had told Moran in a dispute that he was mistaken—only he hadn't made use of that particular word. He had used a shorter one; hence the black eye, for his lack of judgment.

The One Hundred and Ninety-ninth went into the fight about one o'clock, to aid in breaking Jackson's line; but, unexpectedly, Longstreet opened on the flank with artillery and tore us all to pieces. Of sixty-three men whom I had taken in, I could muster only twenty-eight when we came out. With a heavy heart I joined the retreat toward Centerville. Personally I had lost the tip of an ear. That was nothing; but what was a great deal, I had lost Moran and McFeeley. Turning the company over to the second lieutenant, I went in search of them. It was probable that they had been left on the field with Jackson, but still I searched in every ambulance. At night we halted, and a field hospital was established. I went from place to place, and at length found them both — together. McFeeley had been wounded in the leg—a bad shot—and Moran had rushed back on to disputed ground, open to the fire from both sides, to get his friend. He had shouldered him and reached our lines, when a ball through his own leg brought them both down. The two had been put into an ambulance and unloaded where I found them.

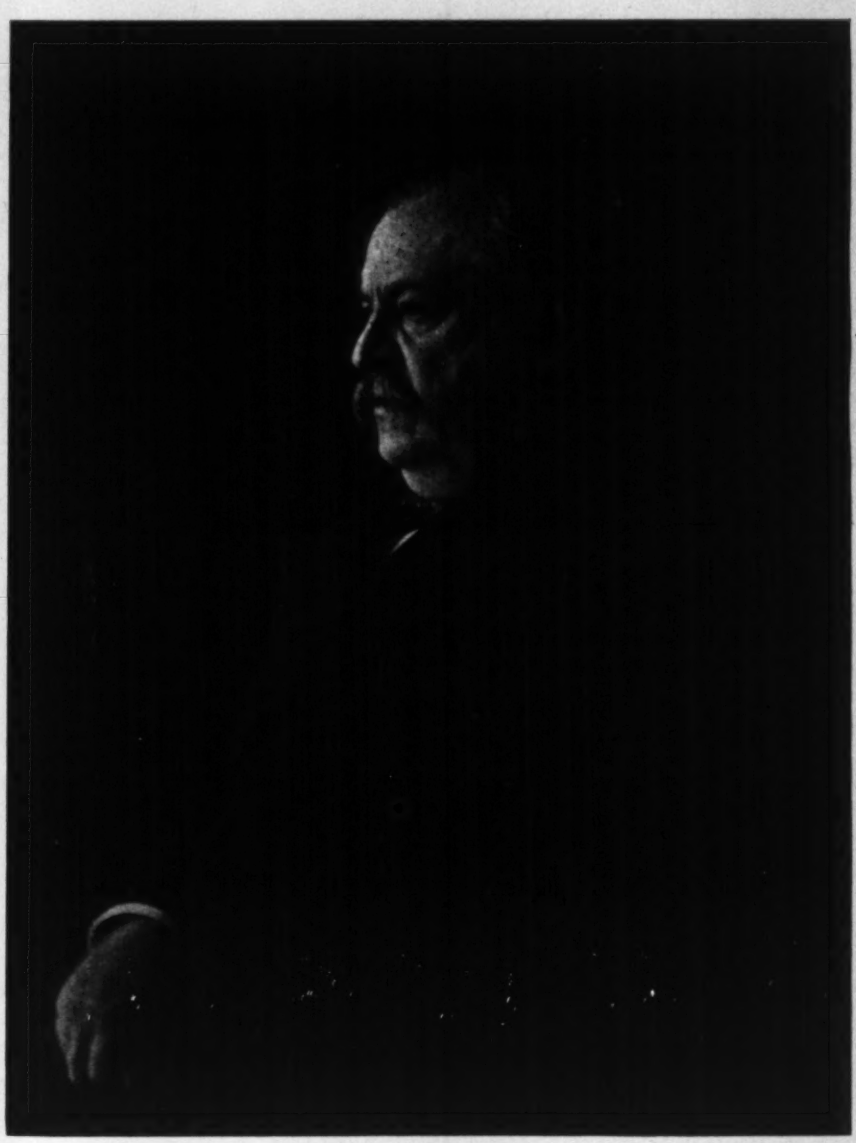
I got a surgeon to examine their wounds; he found one as badly off as the other. Both were bleeding and were very weak.

"Docthor," said McFeeley, "do tak Moran furst. I'm all roight. Leastways you can tie me up till he's fixed. He has a woife, and I'm by meself."

The surgeon took a twist of the bandage on McFeeley's leg above the wound, and turned to Moran. The bone was shattered beyond help, and the poor fellow was told that the leg must come off. He looked at me imploringly; I could only say with a choking voice, "Yes, Moran, it must."

"Dennis," said he to McFeeley, "give me hould of yer hand, me boy. Lootinant, give me a poipe of 'baccy. Now, Docthor, go ahead."

The doctor went ahead, and that brave fellow scarce uttered a sound. The task finished, the surgeon turned to McFeeley, but he answered not. I took hold of his hand, but it was limp. We saw together that the improvised tourniquet had slipped. A pool of blood told the story. The heroic soldier would not complain to his friend's disadvantage, even to save his own life. McFeeley was dead!



MR. CLEVELAND

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. C. COX, TAKEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, FEBRUARY 8, 1897.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

By Carl Schurz.

THE election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency in 1892 was one of the most extraordinary events in our political history. During his first administration he had estranged many of the leading politicians of his party. He had gone far enough in the line of civil service reform to alarm and disgust the believers in the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils;" and a large majority of the Democratic leaders and workers held to that belief. He had affirmed, meaning it, that "public office is a public trust," and that the interests of the country are paramount to those of any party—doctrines, profession of which is regarded by the thorough-paced partizan of our days as a pharisaical assumption of superior virtue. He had, indeed, not repelled the advice of the party magnates on matters of public policy, but he had not diligently sought it, nor had he followed it when it ran counter to his own judgment. Most of the Democratic leaders, as well as of the party workers of less degree, had, therefore, concluded that he was not the kind of President they liked. Then, near the close of his first administration, he had, in a very impressive manner, advanced the tariff question as the principal issue between the two great political parties—this also against the wish of some prominent Democrats, who predicted party defeat as a consequence.

In spite of all this his renomination for the presidency in 1888 was a party necessity, and, therefore, a matter of course; for even the most discontented Democratic politicians had to admit that they could not refuse Mr. Cleveland a renomination without virtually disowning the first and only administration the Democratic party could call its own since 1861, which would have been fatal. But, no matter for what reason, he was defeated in the election. Had he not been above the common run of party leaders, his position would then have been weak indeed. The party had paid off its debt to him by the renomination; and the prestige of a public man is usually greatly impaired by defeat.

Nor did he, during the four years of his retirement, do any of the things which, under such circumstances, the ordinary politician would have thought useful to repair his fortunes. He quietly practised law. He did not pose as the central figure of public occasions to attract the public eye. He did nothing to regain the favor of those who manage party caucuses and conventions. In his own State he permitted the regular organization of his party to pass wholly into the hands of his enemies. He not only did not shape his utterances according to the temporary currents of party sentiment, but while an apparently irresistible "craze" for the free coinage of silver was sweeping over most of the Democratic States, he continued to manifest his opposition to free coinage in language almost defiant in its positiveness.

According to the notions commonly current among politicians, such a man was an impossible candidate. But in spite of it all, his name resounded all over the country as that of the favorite of the Democratic masses. It was a truly spontaneous movement. There was no concerted agitation, no machine work behind it. On the contrary, those given to political machine methods mostly worked against him. But in vain. At the Democratic National Convention of 1892 a thing happened which was without precedent in our political history. Mr. Cleveland was nominated as a candidate for the presidency, not merely without the support, but against the emphatic protest of the regular party delegation from his own State.

It is a significant fact that there was nothing in the political situation to give Mr. Cleveland any peculiar advantage. Indeed, the high tariff enacted under the Harrison administration had provoked a violent reaction which resulted in a sweeping Democratic victory in the Congressional elections of 1890 and made a similar victory in the presidential election of 1892 probable. This did not, in itself, tell in favor of his nomination. On the contrary, the probability of Democratic success in 1892 was rather apt to bring out every possible Democratic aspirant for the presidency, to call into action their local followings, to organize a powerful "field" against Mr. Cleveland, and

thus to facilitate the nomination of some person less objected to. It is equally significant that Mr. Cleveland won his unprecedented triumph without possessing what are commonly supposed to be the elements of popularity. He did not fascinate people by the charm of extraordinary eloquence. He did not win their friendship by any magic of "personal magnetism." There was nothing romantic in his history to captivate the imagination. Least of all did he know the demagogue's art of being all things to all men. The real source of his strength lay in the impression made upon the popular mind less by his abilities or by his opinions, than by his character as it had revealed itself in his utterances and acts. People saw in him a man conscientiously devoted to his duties, honest in his zeal to understand and to perform them without regard to personal advantage, and maintaining with dauntless courage what he thought right against friend and foe alike—a personality of exceptional strength and trustworthiness, commanding confidence. Thus the very qualities which made him an uncomfortable and distasteful person to party magnates and their henchmen, had endeared him to the popular heart. They overshadowed in the minds of many all differences of opinion about silver or the tariff. They carried his nomination and election triumphantly over the heads of the "practical politicians," and gave him even a large number of Republican votes —far more than enough to make up for the defection of Democratic malcontents.

As a vigorous pronouncement of public opinion in favor of a candidate who saw in his office not a party agency, but a public trust, and as a victory of moral forces over political machine principles and methods, the nomination and election of Mr. Cleveland were events of most encouraging significance. Had those moral forces proved equally potent in determining the character and temper of Congress, they would not only have secured during Mr. Cleveland's term of office harmonious coöperation between the different branches of the government, but they would also have gone far to strengthen the power of honest and independent thought in party politics, to bring back party organization to its legitimate functions, and generally to elevate the tone of our political life. But Mr. Cleveland had to encounter antagonisms of a singularly complex and dangerous nature.

Every intelligent man among those who voted to make him President had known precisely what to expect of him. Nobody had the slightest reason for thinking that he would favor free coinage or "do something for silver;" or that he would easily acquiesce in the squandering of public money; or that he would countenance any tariff reform not embodying the free admission of "raw materials" and a corresponding reduction of duties; or that he would conduct our foreign affairs in any other than a spirit of justice and peace according to the principles of international law; or that he would let the spoils hunters of his party have their way and abstain from extending the operation of the civil service rules. With a general and full and clear knowledge of all this the Democrats, reinforced by a large independent number of voters, elected him.

But no sooner had he ascended the presidential chair than he encountered with regard to almost every article of his creed a decided, sometimes even bitter and insidious, opposition within his own party as represented in Congress. This opposition sprang partly from honest difference of opinion on public matters, such as the silver question, partly from interest, partly from personal feeling. Indeed, in the House of Representatives, which had been elected at the same time with him and under the same popular inspiration, and which had the advantage of the able and high-minded leadership of Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, the adverse current remained within bounds. Some of the policies the President stood for found there a fair party support. But the Democratic contingent in the Senate, a few faithful friends excepted, was largely controlled by those party leaders who had long disliked Mr. Cleveland for the very qualities which gave him his popular prestige. In addition to the old grudge, they now resented his election over their heads. His success, owing to popular favor, had only served to embitter their hostility to him.

They found, of course, willing aid among the Republicans of both Houses. Many of these, indeed, carried on their legitimate party opposition against the Democratic President in a wholly honorable spirit. But there were not a few extreme Republican partizans who saw in Mr. Cleveland only the one Democrat who, since 1861, had been able to wrest the presidency from Republican hands; whom, because of his peculiar standing in the popular confidence, they had most to fear, and whom it was, therefore, most desirable,

by any available means, to destroy. This was considered "good party politics."

The President thus found himself confronted by an extraordinary combination of hostile forces, and this at a time when the general situation he had to deal with was peculiarly perplexing. The preceding administration had left a Pandora box of trouble as its legacy behind it. Among Republicans it is the fashion to attribute all the financial disturbance happening under the Cleveland administration to that administration itself. No fair-minded student of recent events will accept this view. The first causes of that disturbance will be found in one of those periodical business prostrations characteristic of our times. The ten years preceding 1890 had been years of great prosperity. That prosperity had produced the usual effect of inciting recklessness in borrowing and lending, and of stimulating the spirit of venturesome enterprise. With the year 1890 the reaction set in. Cautious men began to sell securities and to restrict their credits. Values shrank and creditors became apprehensive. In this country during the first six months of 1890 the mortgages of nearly two dozen railroad companies were foreclosed, and the Barings collapse in England later in the year caused widespread consternation. Confidence here, as elsewhere, was grievously shaken, and business embarrassments rapidly increased.

There are two superstitions being cultivated in this country which the period of depression beginning in 1890 was well apt to put in their true light. One is that when business languishes we have only to enact a high tariff and everything will soon be in prosperous and happy motion again. The downward movement beginning in 1890 occurred while the McKinley tariff was in full operation. While it is not pretended that this downward movement was caused by that high tariff, it is very evident that the tariff did not prevent or stop it. The other superstition is that the sure remedy for hard times consists in an increase of the volume of current money. This remedy was applied in 1890 through the so-called Sherman act, by which the government's currency was rapidly increased. But the business decline did not stop. On the contrary, it was seriously aggravated by adding to the other uncertainties of the day the portentous question whether, if the issues of government paper money against silver purchases were continued, it would be possible to maintain its parity with gold.

This was the situation when Mr. Cleveland became President. To make his administration responsible for that situation is a ludicrous absurdity. At the close of his first term, in 1889, he had turned over to his successor, Mr. Harrison, a cash balance in the treasury of more than $281,000,000, of which more than $196,000,000 was gold. In 1891, after the second year of President Harrison's term, the cash balance had dropped to less than $176,500,000, and the Treasury gold to less than $118,000,000. At the close of his administration in 1893, President Harrison left to his successor, Mr. Cleveland, a cash balance of less than $146,000,000, of which a little more than $103,500,000 was gold—and this would have been considerably less than $100,000,000, the traditional gold reserve held against the greenbacks, had not Mr. Foster, President Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury, obtained several millions of gold for greenbacks from New York bankers, to keep that reserve from falling below the regular mark. Thus President Harrison left to his successor, Mr. Cleveland, over $134,000,000 less in cash assets, and $93,000,000 less in gold, than he had in 1889 received from him. Indeed, Secretary Foster was so anxious lest the gold reserve sink below $100,000,000 before the Republicans went out of power that he made preparations for a sale of government bonds. This was the legacy left to Mr. Cleveland.

When his presidential term began the financial crisis of 1893 was well under way. The condition of the treasury continued to grow weaker. The appropriations made by Congress had been extravagantly lavish, and the McKinley tariff failed to furnish the necessary revenue. The period of deficits, in the place of the former surpluses, set in before that tariff was changed. The resources of the treasury dwindled as its responsibilities increased. When the small excess of the gold holdings of the treasury above $100,000,000 threatened to disappear, the country was startled by an announcement, telegraphed from Washington as coming from the Treasury Department, which created the apprehension that when that excess were exhausted, the Treasury notes provided for in the Sherman act would no longer be redeemed in gold. This announcement started a panicky feeling in the business centers. President Cleveland promptly caused the public to be informed that the gold payments would be maintained under all circumstances. The panic was checked,

but a nervous disquietude remained which made the public mind morbidly susceptible to discouraging impressions. Soon the Treasury gold actually fell below $100,000,000, and the charm of safety which in the popular imagination hung about that reserve, was broken. Business failures rapidly multiplied. In May banks began to break at a terrific rate, especially in the West. The closing of the mints in India to the free coinage of silver caused a sudden fall of twenty points in the price of that metal. No intelligent man could doubt that, if the monthly silver purchases and the issuing of paper money standing for silver, continued, the disappearance of our stock of gold would go on at an accelerating pace, and the monetary system of the country would soon be on the silver basis—a catastrophe involving the ruin of our national credit and a most disastrous confusion to all our business interests. The repeal of the silver purchase law was therefore the first necessity.

It was expected that President Cleveland would call an extra session of Congress for this purpose, to meet at the earliest possible period. But he put off that extra session until August—thinking, perhaps, that the public mind was not yet prepared for the repeal of the Sherman act, or that Congress would be better prepared for it later.

When Congress met in August, 1893, Mr. Cleveland had, like many other Presidents before him, lost some of the honeymoon popularity, and even some more important elements of strength that he had possessed a few months before. His anxious desire to save the country from the dire consequences of the silver purchase law and to bring about the reformation of the tariff had seduced him into efforts to win the favor, or at least to avert the displeasure, of members of Congress by way of meeting their wishes in making appointments to office. To use the patronage of the government for the purpose of influencing the action of Congress was against his principles as well as against his inclinations. There is no reason for doubting that he would have been glad to exterminate the spoils system, root and branch, at one blow, had he thought it possible to do so at that period without seriously endangering other great interests. He, therefore, adjourned his plans for extending the application of civil service reform principles to a later day.

But giving due credit to his general intentions, the correctness of his judgment of the situation may be questioned from a practical point of view. He was, after all, not capable of making the use of the patronage in this fashion a regular and in any sense successful policy. While doing some things which under less critical circumstances he would not have done, his care for the public interest compelled him to refuse to do other things without which he could not secure the active friendship of those who asked for them. In a large majority of cases you cannot satisfy the spoils-mongering politician unless you give him everything he demands. Deny him anything and he will be as dissatisfied as if he had received nothing. There are exceptions, but this is the rule. The result of Mr. Cleveland's concession to the old patronage abuse was that he pleased a few who, in turn, served him if they found it in their interest to do so, but not otherwise, and would have served him also without patronage if it accorded with their interests; that the old story of the bestowal of an office making ten enemies and one ingrate repeated itself in many cases; that the distribution of favors caused many bitter disappointments, jealousies, and heartburnings; that his opponents made a great outcry about his attempts to buy votes in Congress with patronage—an outcry which was far greater than the facts warranted, but became a formidable weapon against him—and that some of the things done—such as the hasty removals and appointments in the consular service—created a painful sensation among those whose principles and views of policy were most in accord with his own. Such slips weakened him for the time in public estimation; and inasmuch as that public estimation was always the main source of his strength, everything calculated to shake it served to increase the power of his enemies.

It happens sometimes that men of a superior stamp deem it expedient in difficult situations to resort to the arts of management familiar to the small politician, thinking themselves able to play at that game as well as anybody else. But there have been only few of them who proved that they could do so with success, or even with impunity. Mr. Cleveland was not one of these few. He had far less skill in the craft of small politics than he himself may have believed. His nature lacked that gift. He was powerful as a leader of men in mass, on a great scale, by prevailing upon public opinion, or by stirring the popular moral sense.

But he was awkward in dealing with mankind in detail, in manipulating individuals. Such men are apt rather to lose much than to gain anything by ventures below their natural sphere.

The President on the 7th of August, 1893, sent a message to the Congress assembled in extra session strongly urging the immediate repeal of the silver purchase act. The House of Representatives, under Mr. Wilson's leadership, responded with reasonable promptness. It passed the Wilson repeal bill on the 28th by a heavy majority, of which, however, the Republicans furnished the larger part. But in the Senate the struggle assumed a different character. There was a majority in that body in favor of repeal. But the minority was strong enough, owing to the rules of the Senate, which know no "previous question," to obstruct the vote indefinitely. The silver Senators, mostly Democrats, with some Republicans, coalesced under the leadership of the Republican Senator Teller, a man full of the zeal of honest fanaticism. The silver men understood the greatness of the stake. So long as the silver purchase act was in force, they could hope that its operation would bring the country at last upon the silver basis even without the enactment of a free coinage act. The repeal of the silver purchase law would extinguish that hope. Therefore they fought against it with desperate energy. The repeal force, mostly Republicans, with some Democrats, were led by the Democratic Senator Voorhees, the chairman of the Committee on Finance, at heart a silver man, but honestly enough in favor of this administration measure for the occasion. But he did not master his subject, and his leadership was unskilful and spiritless. Moreover, there were among the Democrats, and even apparently on the President's side in this struggle, some whose lurking rancor against him inspired the wish that if the repeal must pass, it should at least pass in a form making it appear as somebody else's measure rather than his.

From the 28th of August, when Senator Voorhees reported the bill to the Senate, the debate went on week after week, until finally the time was occupied on the part of the coalition opposing repeal only by those unseemly manœuvers called filibustering. Meanwhile the business community, harassed by the wantonly prolonged uncertainty and the accumulating embarrassments and disasters caused by it, grew more impatient from day to day. A storm of popular indignation broke upon the Senate. Senators were pelted with telegraphic messages, letters, and resolutions adopted by business men's associations and public meetings in which prompt action was vehemently demanded and the obstruction denounced as a hostile plot against the public welfare. It is more than probable that the obstructionists would at last have yielded to this impetuous pressure of public sentiment, had not Senator Gorman encouraged them with the assurance that if they held out, they would force the administration to yield some concession favorable to "silver."

Indeed, from time to time rumors found their way into the newspapers that such a compromise was on the point of consummation, and toward the end of October the consent of almost all the Democratic Senators was actually obtained to a proposition that the silver purchase law should remain in force one year longer and then stop; that the silver purchased under that act and the seigniorage should be coined, and that all government notes under $10 should be withdrawn—a proposition full of mischief. The silver Democrats were propitiated by the argument that while the silver purchase law could hardly be permanently maintained under existing circumstances, this proposition would keep it in operation at least for a year longer and then compensate for it by other concessions. The administration Democrats were falsely told that the Secretary of the Treasury himself favored it, and that this would be a "Democratic" measure upon which the whole party could be reunited; besides, it was "the only thing possible." Meanwhile President Cleveland, profoundly convinced that nothing but the complete and unconditional repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act would save the country from immediate peril, stood unmoved in his purpose. Neither the desperate efforts of the obstructionists in the Senate nor the intrigues of his personal enemies disheartened him; and when the proposition of compromise was brought before him, with an array of persuasive argument by his very friends, the table shook under his fist when he exclaimed: "I will never consent to it."

There was the end. The Senate voted the repeal as proposed by him without further delay. The thing which Senator Gorman had asserted could not be done, was done, because there was a man to see it done. It was a great victory. The public interest triumphed over everything,

and that triumph was due to Grover Cleveland alone. The justice of history will never deny him this acknowledgment.

But while the repeal of the silver purchase act averted the most immediate peril, it could by no means stop the source of the evil. It removed one very serious cause of distrust, but it did not restore confidence. The struggle in the Senate had even increased public apprehension as to the resources, the recklessness, the desperate character of the silver movement. That movement has often been likened to the paper inflation "craze" of twenty years before. As to the ultimate ends the two are indeed alike. But the silver movement has in the mining interests of the far West a very strong and well-organized financial power behind it, which the paper inflation movement had not. By means of a well-supplied war chest it can sustain a systematic and incessant agitation, which the paper inflation movement could not. It is, therefore, much more able to take advantage of its local opportunities and to repair the effects of defeat. It dies much harder. Indeed, after the repeal of the silver purchase act it was felt to be still very much alive and capable of mischief. The anxieties it inspired were heightened by other circumstances. The revenues of the government ran low. The apprehension that the government would be obliged to draw upon the gold resources of the Treasury for current expenses caused many people, especially foreign investors in the United States, to anticipate this by drawing it out themselves for greenbacks, and to send it abroad. There was also not a little private hoarding of gold at home. This created a constant drain on the gold reserve of the Treasury, and to replenish it loans by bond sales had soon to be resorted to.

Such bond sales, open to the public, were made in January and again in November, 1894, but not without some difficulty. They did not stop the drain. Bonds were sold for gold. That gold was put into the Treasury. The distrust continuing, greenbacks were again presented for redemption, and thus that gold drawn out of the Treasury. The greenbacks were paid out again by the Treasury for current expenses, and then they were again presented for redemption to draw out more gold. It seemed indeed like an "endless chain," as Mr. Cleveland called it. Early in 1895 the situation became very critical. On the 28th of January the President sent a message to Congress pointing out the dangers impending and asking for the passage of a law authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell three per cent. gold bonds running fifty years. Congress had repeatedly shown its unwillingness to adopt effective measures for the relief of the Treasury, and did so this time. The apprehensive temper of the business community grew into actual alarm. A regular run began upon the Treasury for the gold in it. On the 8th of February the gold holdings were reduced to $41,300,000, and this amount consisted almost wholly, not of coin, but of bars. The Treasury was in a state of utter helplessness to meet the run, which threatened to spread as it went on. The republic was within a hair's breadth of bankruptcy. Only the promptest help could ward off the catastrophe.

Then President Cleveland did a thing which exposed him to measureless obloquy and defamation, but saved the country from incalculable confusion, calamity, and disgrace. The famous syndicate contract was made with New York bankers, who drew the foremost banking houses of Europe into coöperation. They sold to the government $65,117,000 worth of gold for four per cent. bonds of the nominal value of $62,317,500. The difference between these sums represented the premium on the bonds, making their price equal to 104.49, and the rate of interest three and three-quarters per cent. These bonds, authorized by the act of July 14, 1870, were payable in "coin." According to the talk of the silver men in Congress they *should* be paid in silver. According to the cowardly duplicities of the politicians in Congress who, although not silver men themselves, constantly bid for the silver vote, those bonds *might* be paid in silver. The syndicate was willing to run that chance; but it offered to take three per cent., instead of four per cent. bonds, if Congress would, within ten days, make them specifically payable in gold. President Cleveland communicated this offer, together with the whole contract, to the House of Representatives, strongly recommending that the terms of the offer be complied with, as more than $16,000,000 would be saved in interest during the time the bonds had to run. It seems almost incredible, but the House deliberately threw away that saving because a large majority of the members were too much afraid of the word "gold" to accept it. But by far the most important provision of the contract was that by which the most powerful

American and European banking houses bound themselves not only to bring at least one-half of the gold to be delivered from Europe, but also to "exert all financial influence and to make all legitimate efforts to protect the Treasury of the United States against the withdrawals of gold pending the complete performance of the contract."

When the conclusion of this contract became known, the panicky feeling subsided instantly. The run upon the Treasury ceased. Bankruptcy was averted. Every intelligent person knew that with the organized coöperation of such forces, which, having been secured once, could be secured again, the government would remain able to continue its gold payments and to maintain its credit intact. And when a year later the gold assets again dropped considerably below the one hundred million figure, the revived popular confidence made it easy to fill the gap by a popular loan, while formerly the popular loan had been a precarious operation.

But the silver men were furious beyond measure because another chance for precipitating the country upon the silver basis had been spoiled by President Cleveland's determined action. Ever since, the "bankers' syndicate" has beena favorite staple of their denunciatory rhetoric. According to them, that syndicate has robbed the government, enslaved the people, obliterated our free institutions, and done whatever else of iniquity the human imagination can conceive. Their vindictive vilification of Mr. Cleveland has gone even to the length of charging him with having put millions into his own pocket as his share of the profit from the syndicate transaction. The inventors of a calumny so silly as well as revolting did not feel what an insult they offered to the national character by expecting any one to believe it. To such a charge, leaving out of the question Mr. Cleveland's personal repute, a self-respecting American has but one answer: It is simply impossible that a President of the United States, whatever else may be said against him, should ever conceive the thought of deriving a corrupt pecuniary profit from any use of his official power. It will be a sad day for the republic when this impossibility ceases to be taken for granted. The wretches who circulated that falsehood about Mr. Cleveland did, of course, not credit it themselves.

There were also men of standing in the Republican party who attacked the syndicate contract in that carping, caviling spirit characteristic of narrow-minded partizans, criticizing its terms as if they had had a liberal assortment of first-class bankers at hand, ready for a pledge to protect the Treasury against the withdrawal of gold, and to expose themselves for months ahead to the chances of embarrassment by war or commercial perturbations—all for nothing; or as if the President should have jeoparded an arrangement absolutely necessary to save the country from the immediate danger of bankruptcy, disaster, and disgrace, by haggling over a fraction of a per cent. while Congress was wantonly throwing away the opportunity of saving sixteen millions. Many of those who then displayed their partizan zeal by such pettiness may now be heartily ashamed of it. They may now gratefully remember that President Cleveland not only was ever watchful and prompt to defeat by his veto vicious legislation supported mainly by men of his own party, such as the bill for coining the seigniorage, but that in those days of supreme peril he remained undismayed by the ferocious assaults made upon his good name as well as his statesmanship, and stood firm as a rock against the powers of evil which menaced the welfare and the honor of the American people. Nor should it be forgotten when we at last come to the true cure of our financial ills—the withdrawal of our greenbacks and a liberal extension of banking facilities—that he time and again commended these measures to an unwilling Congress. The country has never had in the presidential office a stronger bulwark of its credit and a more faithful champion of sound finance than Grover Cleveland.

Probably the greatest and most painful disappointment of his whole political career was the fate his tariff reform policy met with. His tariff message of 1887 gave to his party, which for a long time had been floundering about, as a mere opposition, in vagueness of purpose, a positive and definite policy, a cause, and a battle-cry. Although temporarily repelled in the presidential election of 1888, tariff reform achieved a signal triumph in the congressional elections of 1890, and formed the most prominent issue in the presidential election of 1892 which put the Democratic party in full possession of the national government. The time for its realization seemed to have come.

Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, who possessed and deserved the full confidence of the President, was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the

House of Representatives. Himself a man of superior ability, of statesmanlike breadth of view, and of noble aspirations, he had, in framing and carrying through the tariff bill, to contend with the lack of those qualities in other men's minds. There were among the Democrats in Congress a good many who professed to be in favor of tariff reform and who fully recognized the pledge of their party to abolish or reduce tariff duties to that end, but who wished to spare the protection given to the industries carried on in their own districts or States. They would reform everything except the things in which they were themselves interested, politically or otherwise. This is one of the greatest difficulties the systematic reform of a high tariff has to encounter in a popular assembly. When the game of mutual concession and dicker once begins, there is no telling where it will end. The result is usually a legislative patchwork without any scientific symmetry or unity of purpose. Thus the tariff which issued from the deliberations of the House was by no means a faultless or consistent measure. Henry Clay would have considered it a tariff sufficiently protective to satisfy his views. But it embodied, at least in a measure, the rule of free raw material and an approximately corresponding reduction of the duties on manufactured articles. It was a long step toward the realization of the principles which Mr. Cleveland had advocated as the essence of tariff reform.

But when the bill went to the Senate it fell into the hands of those who were enemies both of tariff reform and of the President. The interference of special interests, which in the House of Representatives had served to demoralize the tariff reform forces to a dangerous degree, appeared in the Senate in a shape far more insidious as well as powerful. A combination formed by a number of Senators strong enough to defeat the tariff bill, dictated to the Democrats of the Senate its conditions with the brutal peremptoriness of a band of brigands demanding ransom for a captive. Senator Gorman again was its directing spirit. Free coal and free iron were unceremoniously sacrificed, and the Sugar Trust had its own way in determining the duties in which it was interested. As after months of secret intriguing and open bullying and dickering and haggling, the bill was at last put on its passage, all that was left of it, except free wool, was a mere caricature of a tariff reform measure.

When the bill was about to go to a conference committee of the two Houses, the President made a last effort to save his cherished cause from discomfiture and disgrace. In a letter addressed to Mr. Wilson, and through him to the House of Representatives, he called upon the Democrats in pathetic accents to remain true to their principles.

But it was all in vain. Mr. Wilson indeed made a gallant fight in the conference committee, but the Democratic majority of the House at the decisive moment failed to sustain him. The senatorial combination carried the day, and the cause of tariff reform was treacherously slaughtered in the house of its friends.

The chagrin of the President was extreme. He gave vigorous expression to it in denouncing the perfidy of those who had "stolen and worn the livery of Democratic tariff reform in the service of Republican protection," and cast "the deadly blight of treason" upon their cause. He could not put his name to such a measure, but, inasmuch as after all it would lighten many tariff burdens that rested heavily upon the people, he permitted it to become a law without his signature.

The fate Mr. Cleveland's tariff reform policy met in Congress marked two facts. One was that he had lost the leadership of the Democratic party; and the other, that the Democratic party was in process of fatal disintegration, owing to the want of unity of purpose and to the destruction of the only leadership that possessed any moral force. Henceforth it was at the mercy of the machine politicians and of such distracting influences as the silver movement. The effect produced upon the country by the performances of the Democrats in Congress was instantaneous. The independents who had aided the Democratic party in the elections of 1890 and 1892 turned away with disgust. The best part of the Democratic constituency were utterly disheartened. The question was seriously debated among its very friends, whether the Democratic party was at all capable of carrying on the government. We receive the impression of burlesque, or of Mephistophelian irony, when we now read a speech delivered by Mr. Gorman in the Senate after he had well nigh completed the disfigurement of the tariff bill. "Mr. President," said he, "we are nearing the end. After twenty years of progress, of positive growth, of constant development, and of universal enlightenment, the Democratic party and the American people are within sight of the promised land. Eman-

cipation is at hand. Years of arduous labor by unselfish and patriotic men cannot count for nothing. Fruition is as inevitable as fate. I repeat, it is near at hand. Now of all times the sun of Democracy it at the meridian." A few months after this triumphant utterance of the leader of the senatorial plot, the Democrats suffered an overwhelming defeat in the congressional elections of 1894. Then Mr. Cleveland was confronted by a Congress opposed to him in both branches, and he had to do his work as President in complete political isolation. That work was, however, not without lasting effect.

In the conduct of our foreign affairs President Cleveland found, at the very beginning of his administration, on his hands the treaty for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands which had been concluded during the last days of President Harrison's term. Enough was known of the occurrences which had brought forth that treaty to justify Mr. Cleveland in promptly withdrawing it from the Senate for further inquiry and consideration. He despatched a special commissioner to Hawaii, who soon confirmed the report, beyond reasonable doubt, that the Hawaiian queen had been dethroned and a change of government effected by a revolutionary movement set on foot by a small number of persons, largely Americans; that to the success of that movement officers of the United States and the forces under their command had actively contributed, and that the offer of the country for annexation to the United States had the support of only a very small minority of the Hawaiian people. There was but one honest conclusion, and President Cleveland pronounced it. This republic, even if annexation were otherwise considered opportune, could not honorably take advantage for its own aggrandizement of a wrong committed by its own officers, and it was also in honor bound to redress the wrong done and to restore the *status quo ante* as much as circumstances permitted. A storm of denunciation burst forth from those who call it "patriotic" to augment the domain of the republic by theft, and was echoed by the Republicans, who thought it their duty to find fault with a Democratic administration. No end of senseless rant was indulged in about the "hauling down of the American flag" from the Hawaiian state-house—as if any man of self-respect would deny that wherever the flag floats in dishonor, honor commands it to be hauled down.

The clamor increased when it became known that under the instructions of our State Department the American minister in Hawaii had offered to the dethroned queen to restore her to her royal dignity of which she had been deprived by the wrongful use of the power of the United States, on condition that she issue a general amnesty. It was fortunate that she refused to do this, and thus gave our government an opportunity to retreat from an engagement, the execution of which might have produced most unfortunate complications. To restore the *status quo ante* even to the extent of putting the queen on her throne again by the employment of the same power of the United States by which she had been driven from it, would indeed have accorded with abstract justice. But in dealing with the actualities of this world we have sometimes to admit that there are wrongs which cannot be completely righted in perfect justice to all, because by such wrongs situations may have been created, the entire overturning of which would inflict new wrongs upon innocent persons without after all furnishing the complete redress of the old wrongs aimed at. Thus the restoration of the Hawaiian queen would undoubtedly have brought about in that country a state of restlessness and insecurity most grievous to the innocent part of the population—not to speak of the clash of opinions and the distracting agitation it would have caused in the United States.

It was wise, therefore, to recognize the new government of Hawaii as the government *de facto*, and firmly to resist the annexation scheme. On the whole, the action of the administration in this case produced excellent effects. In declining to profit from an illegitimate use of the power of the United States, and in endeavoring, as far as possible, to redress a wrong done through it, Mr. Cleveland's administration gave to the world a proof of our fairness, justice, and good faith in dealing with weaker nations which could not fail greatly to raise the character of this republic in the esteem and confidence of mankind. Nor did Mr. Cleveland render his country a less valuable service in saving it, by defeating the Hawaiian annexation scheme, from the first step in the direction of indiscriminate and reckless aggrandizement.

So uniformly judicious and discreet had Mr. Cleveland been in the conduct of our foreign relations; so solicitously had he guarded the honor and dignity of this

republic, not only by maintaining our own rights, but also by respecting the rights of others; so careful and conscientious in the observance of the principles of international law had been his course with regard to the insurrection in Cuba, notwithstanding the clamor of the professional "Jingoes" and of hot-headed sympathizers, and notwithstanding, too, his own sympathy with the cause of the insurgents; so wisely and consistently pacific and so dignified had been his foreign policy throughout, that the people were struck with wonder and amazement when they read his famous Venezuela message on the 17th of December, 1895, in which he asked Congress to make an appropriation for a commission to investigate the boundary line in dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana; declared that if Great Britain refused to submit the whole matter to arbitration, the United States should by every means in their power enforce the finding of our own commission; substantially made the cause of Venezuela our own, and apparently countenanced, by inference at least, that construction of the Monroe doctrine now so much in vogue, which maintains that the relations between any part of America and any foreign power are virtually the business of this republic.

Without taking time for calm deliberation both Houses of Congress promptly voted the appropriation asked for. From many parts of the country came expressions of approval. The Jingoes were jubilant, for they thought that the administration had surrendered to them, and there was a threat of war in the air. A panicky feeling seized upon the business community both in England and in the United States. The prices of stocks and bonds dropped with a thump. The losses caused by the depreciation of securities were enormous. The revival of business in this country, of which there had been some promising symptoms, was instantly checked by a nervous sense of apprehension. Many of Mr. Cleveland's most steadfast friends were sorely puzzled. What could he mean? Did he try to catch popularity for himself and his party? But he was not a demagogue. Did he wish to provoke a war? But he had always been a man of peace. The truth most probably is that, the United States having for many years acted in this matter as the friend of Venezuela, he felt a certain responsibility as to the outcome; that he was irritated by the constant advance of British territorial claims at the expense of Venezuela, and apprehensive of a new forward attempt; that he thought it time to stop further encroachment and bring the question to a final issue; and that he knew of no better means to this end than a vigorous demonstration on the part of this republic involving the possibility of war.

Assuming that the objects President Cleveland had in view were right, it can hardly be denied that by prudent and at the same time energetic management they might have been reached without the risk of a collision with a friendly power, without exciting dangerous passions among our population, without a disastrous disturbance of the business of the country—and thus without a grievous break in Mr. Cleveland's otherwise so dignified and statesmanlike foreign policy. At the same time it must be admitted that the means he employed did accomplish his purpose. As soon as a danger of war appeared on the horizon, public sentiment in England pronounced itself so generally and so emphatically for the preservation of peace with the United States that Lord Salisbury could yield important points in the Venezuela boundary dispute and thus clear the way for a satisfactory arrangement without weakening his position before the British people. In this country, too, the bellicose flurry was speedily subdued by telling demonstrations of our love of peace and good-will among nations, which warmly responded to the feeling manifested by English public opinion. And then came, borne along on the wave of international fraternalism, that great achievement which alone would suffice to make an administration memorable for all time—the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain—not only a guaranty of peace between the two nations, but an example for all mankind to follow, an epoch in the advance of civilization. The active negotiations for this treaty belong wholly to Mr. Cleveland's administration. They were begun under Secretary Gresham, and carried to a successful issue with extraordinary ability by Secretary Olney. The efforts made in the Senate to prevent the confirmation of the treaty while Mr. Cleveland was President—efforts attributed by the opinion of the country to a combination of partizan jealousy and personal rancor—succeeded in postponing the final consummation, but ignominiously failed in taking from Mr. Cleveland's administration the glory of the achievement. That treaty will forever stand as a monu-

mental milestone in history, bearing in large characters the names of Cleveland, Gresham, and Olney. Nor will any amendments intended to emasculate the treaty defeat its purpose. The very fact that the executive heads of the two countries once concluded it will henceforth put upon any refusal to submit to arbitration any difference between them, a burden of odium too heavy for any civilized nation to bear. This victory of peace is won.

There is another great victory with which Mr. Cleveland's name is nobly identified. He was a civil service reformer, not as a theorist, but as a practical administrator. He knew from practical experience that public office, to be treated as a public trust, must cease to be party spoil, and that a department of the public service, to be a business department, must cease to be a patronage department. He knew also that offices would not cease to be treated as party spoil so long as they were filled by partizan favor, and that public departments would not cease to be patronage departments so long as they had patronage to bestow. He had learned this as Mayor of Buffalo and as Governor of New York, and he found in the competitive merit system the simple, honest, practical remedy. When he became President the first time in 1885, he would have wiped out the spoils system at once, had he not feared, by breaking too brusquely with long-established political habits, to alienate his party. He resolved therefore slowly to extend the civil service rules already in operation, while humoring the Democratic politicians by conceding to them as much as he thought necessary. Such concessions, once begun, are apt to lead on beyond the original intention, and so it happened that at the end of his first term he had dissatisfied the reformers without satisfying the party politicians. Still, when he went out of office in 1889, he had added 12,000 places to those under the civil service rules.

It has already been mentioned what considerations induced him at the beginning of his second administration to humor the politicians of his party again and to postpone what blows he meant to strike for his cherished reform. The first three years he added only this and that branch of the service to the classified list, and established rules covering a part of the consular service. But on the 6th of May, 1896, he issued an order which marked an epoch. It not only added at one stroke of the pen over 40,000 places to those already classified, making the total nearly 90,000, but it established the general principle that it is the natural and normal status of persons serving under the executive departments of the national government to be under the civil service rules—in other words, that it shall no longer require a special edict to put them there, but that they shall be considered and treated as being there unless excepted by special edict.

This order was the most effective blow the spoils system had ever received. It completed the work of civil service reform as to the subordinate places under the heads of government offices, leaving in their old condition virtually only the offices to be appointed with the consent of the Senate, and the minor postmasters. These, it is to be hoped, will in the same spirit be dealt with by Mr. Cleveland's successors. But of him it may justly be said that while he has not done for the reform of the civil service all that could and should be done, he has done far more than all his predecessors together, and he will ever stand preëminent among the champions of that great cause.

But he was a reformer of the government service in more than one sense. No man in the presidential chair has ever battled with more devotion, energy, and fearlessness for economy and rectitude in the administration of the people's business; not one has carried on the struggle against the prevailing wantonness of public expenditure and against corrupt jobs more bravely, more persistently, and with more unceasing watchfulness; and not one has, in doing this, defied the prejudices of large classes of people, the powerful resentment of favored interests, and the vindictive hatred of greedy schemers with more self-sacrificing fortitude than he. The spectacle of the President of the United States, in the small hours of the night, poring over the details of bills granting public money for rivers and harbors, or for pensions, or for public buildings, and what not, to satisfy himself whether the people's interests were well guarded, and then, whenever he detected fraud, or wastefulness, writing his veto messages with an indefatigable and unflinching sense of duty—that spectacle has not seldom been held up to disdain and ridicule by unprincipled or light-headed persons. But the more thoughtfully the patriotic citizen contemplates it, the more worthy will he find that President of the admiration, confidence, and gratitude of the people.

No thinking man denies that corruption

and profligacy, the tendency to make the government an agency for private support, and the loose methods of doing the government's business which minister to such evil practices, are among the gravest dangers besetting democratic institutions. The more highly should we value among our officers of state that courage of conscience which fears nothing, and that devotion to duty which shuns no drudgery to protect the purity of the government and the character and interests of the nation. Indeed, there was something of civic heroism in the figure of President Cleveland as during the expiring days of his term he sat in the political solitude of the White House, to the last moment plodding in the accustomed way, elaborately writing out his enlightened and cogent objections to an illiberal immigration bill, in spite of the clamor in favor of it; studying appropriations and casting them aside if extravagant, and vetoing grants of pension if unwarranted by fact or equity—although he well knew that in most cases Congress would pass such acts of legislation over his head without a moment's consideration—thus doing his duty for duty's sake. It would be going too far to say that, as a reward, every honest man was his friend; but surely every rascal was by instinct his enemy. And all good citizens have reason to wish that every one of his successors may, irrespective of political opinions, possess that conscience and moral force which were President Cleveland's distinguishing qualities.

It is said that his administration was a failure. True, he failed in holding his party together. But who would have succeeded? He felt himself a party man because he believed in the "old" Democratic policies which aimed at economical, simple, and honest government of, for, and by the people. He sought to elevate his party again to the level of its original principles. It was his ambition to do the country good service in the name of that Democracy. It was his fate—a fate with something of the tragic in it—that his very endeavors to revive the best of the old Democracy served only to reveal the moral decay and the political disruption of the Democracy of his day, and to consign him to an isolation paralleled in our history only by that of John Quincy Adams. There could be no more whimsical irony of fortune than that, after Mr. Cleveland had led his party to victory over the McKinley tariff, not only the specific fruits of that victory were made repugnant to him by the treachery of other Democratic leaders, but that the greater treason of the national convention of his party, by threatening the country with immeasurable calamities, forced him to favor the election of Mr. McKinley himself as his successor in the presidential office, and to find in Mr. McKinley's victory a popular vindication of his own financial principles.

As to the Democracy for which he had stood, it survived only in those represented by the Indianapolis convention of sound money Democrats—the saving remnant, embodying the hope—indeed the only hope—of a Democratic party resurrection.

But what does the true success of an administration consist in? Not in the mere prosperity of a party organization, but in the public good accomplished and in the public evil prevented. Who, then, will deny that, had not Mr. Cleveland stood like a tower of strength between his country and bankruptcy, we should have been forced on the silver basis and into the disgrace of repudiation? Would not, without his prompt interposition, the annexation of Hawaii have launched us upon a career of indiscriminate aggrandizement and wild adventure imperiling our peace and the character of our institutions? Has he not been a bulwark against countless jobs and acts of special legislation and of reckless extravagance, not only by his vetoes, but by merely being seen at his post? And as to the good accomplished, how many administrations do we find in our annals that have left behind them a prouder record of achievement than the maintenance of the money standard and the credit of the country against immense difficulties, the splendid advance in the reform of the civil service, and that signal triumph of the enlightened and humane spirit of our closing century—the general arbitration treaty with Great Britain? Whatever its mischances and failures may have been—with such successes the second Cleveland administration can confidently appeal to the judgment of history. Nobody pretends that Mr. Cleveland is the ideal human being or the ideal statesman; but it is safe to say that the greatness of his name will constantly grow in the historic retrospect, and that his figure will continue to stand strong and eminent in the front rank of American Presidents long after the small politicians who sought to thwart or belittle him have been buried under the drift sands of time.